The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE.
ADAM HOY.

FOR CONGRESS.
ANDREW G. CURTIN.

For Associate Judge—Chester Munson.
For Assembly—Leonard Rhone. John A. Woodward.
For Sheriff—Miles Walker.
For Prothonotary—Robert G. Brett,
For Treasurer—Charles Smith.
For Register—James A. McClain.
For Recorder—Frank E. Bible.
For Commissioners—A. J. Greist. John Wolf.
For Auditors—Solomon Peck. J. N. Dinges.

St. John, of course, is altogether out on a water-haul.

Democrats, vote early and see that the Blaineites don't vote often.

The thing is gone up for Blaine—Cleveland is going to be elected President.

Vote for Curtin, the best and purest people's representative upon the floor of Congress.

It is all up with Blaine now, altho' it many be some consolation to him that he goes down into history as the great letter writer.

Our county ticket, Curtin, Hoy, Munson, Woodward, Rhone, Brett, Smith, Wolf, Greist, M'Clain, Bible, Dinges, Peck—match 'em.

Vote for Wolf and Greist, Democrats, while all Republicans should vote for Campbell and thus re-elect the entire old board of Commissioners.

Ben Butler is down on brass bands at meetings. Well, we suppose old Ben's music at meetings is uglier than that of any band, and a bigger nuisance.

Blaine dodged the prohibition amendment, but he couldn't dodge the Mulligan letters. It ain't true that some things can be done as well as others.

Vote for Curtin—he is the friend of the soldier, of the workingman, of the farmer, mechanic and of the poor. Curtin was the best representative ever in congress from Pennsylvania.

Postmasters and collectors under Republican rule, from 1860 to 1883, have been criminal defaulters to the amount of $10,000,000. Vote for Cleveland and honest government next Tuesday.

Grand jubilee and excursion to Oak Hall, on Monday, 3. Large crowds from Union county are expected. Gov. Curtin, Ed. Blanchard, L. A. Mackey, and other friends of our road, will be there. See particulars in another column.

The new instalment of Mulligan letters, which are given in this issue, leaves Jim Blaine the worst disgraced man ever known. What Republican can vote for Blaine and have an easy conscience? Just read the new batch of letters. Bah!

Democrats, remember next Tuesday. Don't stay away from the polls. Give the Democratic cause your best efforts. Bring your Democratic neighbors to the polls. The skies look bright, and if every friend of Cleveland and Reform turns out, a grand Democratic victory is certain.

Gov. Curtin will be re-elected to congress by a tremendous majority. The people are not so silly as to go back on the best and truest representative of their interests. Now is the time to stand by Curtin when the agents of monopoly are endeavoring to break him down.

What Congressional district in the United States has an abler representative in Congress than we have, in Andrew G. Curtin? Every voter, without regard to party, should support Curtin on Tuesday, Nov. 4. He has represented the interests of the masses opposed the monopolists and land-grabbers, and stood by the cause of the laboring classes.

Let the voters all over the county remember that the Democrats of the six precincts comprising the north-eastern corner of the county, in the midst of whom Mr. Woodward has lived during the fourteen years he has been a citizen of the county, are a unit in presenting him as their choice for the Legislature, and they have for the second time expressed their preference in no uncertain way. What better endorsement can a candidate have?

Blaine's new Mulligan letters in another column. Dear Fisher——

Come quickly.

Don't let any one but your wife know you are coming.

Do come at once, and keep it secret.

Do come and see a sick man.

It will kill me if you don't come.

Mr. Woodward has never held any office excepting that of township Auditor. To this, altho' he lives in a republican district, he was elected by a practically unanimous vote, and all the citizens of the township, Republicans and Democrats, alike agree that by his energy, perseverance and faithful performance of his duties, he has placed their affairs in far better condition than ever before. That is the sort of a man we want to represent us in the Legislature.

Farmers now have an opportunity to vote for a representative of their class for the house of representatives; Mr. Rhone is one strictly belonging to that interest; his conspicuous identification with the order of Patrons leaves no doubt of position as to agricultural interests, and he will be as earnest in their behalf as his professions, and a strong support from the republican ranks is claimed for him on this account, which, with a full democratic vote would indicate a majority beyond that of any other candidate. He promises to support the party nominee for U. S. Senate and all party measures.

This is the most quiet presidential campaign we ever had in this state. Yet the people are not indifferent—instead of noisy demonstrations, the people are ready and thinking, and they will be at the polls.

In this county it has been wonderfully quiet and one would think the campaign was neglected—yet the people are talking quietly over the issues. We have no noisy demonstrations, with brass bands, and other expensive work, and yet we think the county will go Democratic with an old-fashioned majority, with very little money spent or anything going on to spend it on. This is a healthy sign, parparticularly for the Democracy, their cause is prospering without a corruption fund, and it is the first campaign that will not be a burden upon the purses of our local candidates—the masses themselves have gone to work.

Gov. Curtin will have from four to five thousand majority in this county, for congress. He is the choice of the unanimous Democracy and his course in congress has been so noble that the Republicans admit the necessity of re-electing him and will give him almost their entire vote.

Being the choice of the Democratic voters of the district we have a right to look upon him as the regular nominee of the party, more especially when the history of the traveling conference is seen in its proper light and its brazen attempt to thwart the will of three-fourths of the people of the district, Democrats and Republicans.

If Gov. Curtin's nomination may be called irregular by a few hard-to-please quibblers, then all the REPORTER has to say to that is, that it is the best piece of irregularity we ever knew, and it will be made magnificently regular next Tuesday by 5000 majority in old Centre and an overwhelming majority in the district.

Hurrah for Curtin! Whoop 'er up, boys!

BOLTERS.

Gov. Curtin was nominated by the conferrees of Centre and Clearfield, after the conference failed to do what the people wanted it to do. Gov. Curtin is the nominee of a part of the conference, and Mr. Hall is the nominee of the other part. So far, neither is regular. Gov. Curtin's part, however, represents the wishes of the majority of the Democracy to a very large extent. We are sorry for the muddle, but it was brought about by the stubbornness of a majority of the counties acting in opposition to the will of a large majority of the people.

Now it is amusing to hear some of the Hall men call Curtin's friends bolters, when it is fresh in the memory of all that these very men bolted Mackey for congress when he was the regular and unanimous nominee of the Democracy of the district.

These very men bolted Curtin when he was the regular nominee six years ago and helped to elect a Republican, Mr. Yocum.

These very men bolted Mr. Wallace for State Senator, in the Modoc movement, and he was the regular Democratic nominee.

Now is it not very refreshing to hear such fellows talk about bolters in a muddle that even can not be made out a bolt. We can't call a Hall man a bolter, neither can a Hall man call a Curtin man a bolter, one being as regular as t'other.

THAT PROMISED PROSPERITY.

VOTE FOR GARFELD—And Workingmen will have Steady Work, Better Wages and Prosperity.
VOTE FOR HANCOCK—And Workingmen will have Idleness, Pauper Wages and the Poor House!

Who does not remember how the Republicans, four years ago, rung the changes by speeches and printed documnts on this lying promise and dishonest threat?

How is it to-day? What are the facts? The New York *Herald* groops some figures that answer the question:

Out of 703 iron furnaces in the country 469, or more than two-thirds of the total number, are out of blast and lying idle. This depression of the pig iron manufacture is reflected in nearly every industry that uses iron or steel, and the finished products are, save in special branches, begging for a market at prices which do not cover the cost of manufacture. Wages have been reduced in iron mines, in nail factories, in nail mills and throughout the iron and steel industry until they can be reduced no further and allow the wage-earner to subsist. The labor that has been thrown out of employment by the shutting down of furnaces and mills must be very large, and of course its wages are completely lost.

In the last week of September a partial census of cotton mills that were shut down or were running on short time showed that 130,088 looms, or 5,263,200 spindles were affected. Since that estimate was made thirty-one mills in Fall River, running over 1,000,000 spindles, have agreed to close for one week, and will deprive 10,000 men of work and wages for that time. The total number of looms in the cotton manufacture returned in 1880 was 225,759 and of spindles 10,653,435; so that more than one half were idle according to the September estimate alone. Referring again to the census, this would mean the non employment of upwards of 90,000 men, women and children, and a loss to them in yearly wages of $21,000,000.

In the first week of October the returns from 133 woolen mills, with a producing capacity of 1,207 sets of cards, reported an actual lessening in their production of 14,820,000 yards since the beginning of the year; and it is well known that the mills included in this estimate comprises only a part of those that have either ceased work or restricted output, both of which mean a loss to the workingmen. These industries only illustrate what is the prevailing tendency in manufactures.

Logan can't be Vice President. He will follow Barnum's show next summer, and bet he can spit farther than any fellow in the crowd at 10 cents a pop. Having practiced in Virginia from the platform of a car, he thinks he will win nine times out of ten.

The Mifflinburg *Telegraph*, republican, talks right out in favor of Curtin because he is the right man. It says: Andrew G. Curtin, in the present instance deserves the support of the people regardless of party for several distinct reasons—the chief one being his soundness on the tariff question. Had it not been for Democrats like Curtin and Randall, who voted with the Republicans at the last session, the Morrison bill would have been passed, consequently all in this district in favor of a protective tariff should vote for Curtin, as a return for his brave battle for the right. And, if re elected, it is believed he will be, will continue on on the right side of this question and will wield such an influence in its favor that no other dozen new men in that party can exert.

Another reason why Andrew G. Curtin deserves the support of the people of this district is because of the interest he takes in the welfare of northern soldiers—the diseased and wounded—especially of those in the six counties he has faithfully represented. Every just measure proposed in their behalf received his cordial support, some of which he introduced himself and fought to successful passage. Every soldier or his friend who writes to Gov. Curtin in regard to his claim for pension, receives respectful attention and promises of aid in his behalf, which assistance or aid Mr. Curtin renders personally and promptly. If this be doubted, ask the wounded and disabled "boys" in your neighborhood and they will cheerfully furnish the proof. Therefore, if the soldiers, and their relatives, and their friends, wish to keep their true and tried friend in a position to guard and protect their interests, they will unhesitatingly labor for the re-election of Andrew G. Curtin. Both political parties profess friendship for him who saved the nation and are free to make promises; and now, if sincere in their declarations, let them vote for Curtin, who has proven his fidelity to the men who bore the battle. At any rate, let all the soldiers in this contest combine and see to it that their faithful and fearless champion is triumphantly re-elected. United may you be in battling for the victory.

MORE "MULLIGAN" LETTERS.

Additional Light Thrown Upon the Little Rock Investigation.

A Boston correspondent of the Chicago *News* has been allowed to copy more of the "Mulligan" letters. Mr. Blaine's explanation in Congress to 44,000,000 of his countrymen was made on June 5, 1876, and at Mr. Blaine's request the committee of investigation adjourned from June 10th until the following Monday. June 11th Mr. Blaine fell from a sunstroke, and the witnesses for the investigation were the next day dismissed for two weeks. On June 13th Blaine sent the following dispatch:

Eugene Hale, Cincinnati, Ohio:

I am entirely convalescent, suffering only from physical weakness. Impress upon my friends the debt of gratitude I feel for the unparalleled steadfastness with which they have adhered to me in my hour of trial. J. G. BLAINE.

Mr. Hayes was nominated by the National Republican Convention June 16, and on Monday following, June 19, Mr. Blaine made a ratification speech in Washington. Blaine did not get well enough to go on with the investigation, and on June 27th he left on a special car for Augusta. He reached home on the 28th, and at once wrote as follows, the *italics* being his own:

WEDNESDAY, (28th) EVE'G.

My Dear Mr. Fisher—I want to see you just as much as before you went to Washington. You can leave Boston at 12:30 and return same night if you desire, tho' I would prefer to have you stay over. *Come directly to my house.*

It is, I think, as important for you to see me as for me to see you. Come this week. Don't fail. Come to-morrow, if possible. Yours, J. G. BLAINE.

Blaine's physician prescribed absolute rest and no letter writing, but on Saturday, July 1, he wrote as follows, the *italics* again being his own:

[Private.]

AUGUSTA, July 1, '76.

My dear Mr. Fisher—I write from my sick bed. I want very much to see you. I am very sorry you did not come to Washington when I requested. Can't you come to Augusta by train Monday? Express train leaves Eastern Station at 9 o'clock, reaching here at 4 p. m. You can return same evening.

Or if you can't come by 9 o'clock train there is a train that leaves at 12 or 12:30 noon, and gets here about 8 p. m. You can return same night. *Do come* quickly. Say nothing to any one. But do come. Yours sincerely, J. G. BLAINE.

(See over.)

Important to you as well as myself that you come. VERY.

(On other side sheet.) Don't let any human being except your wife know that you are coming down. But do not fail to come—whatever you do, do not fail.

You will regret it if you don't come.

On the following day he wrote as follows:

SUNDAY EVE'G, July 1, '76.

My Dear Mr. Fisher—If you have not started when this reaches you, I pray you leave for Augusta at once.

I am very sick, but I know what I am talking about, and it is *largely for your sake* that I desire to see you, and to see you at once. Don't delay. It may be too late. Don't refuse a sick man.

J. G. B.

You can go back on return train. One hour will do here. Come directly to my house. Don't go to a hotel.

On July 11 the Judiciary Committee, after a stormy meeting, postponed the Little Rock investigation until the next session. Last August a gentleman in Boston wrote to a personal friend in Kentucky to obtain from J. Proctor Knott, the Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee of 1876, some definite information as to why the investigation was never resumed. Mr. Knott wrote as follows:

FRANKFORT, Sept. 13, 1884.

Dear Sir—In reply to yours of the 3d instant, inclosing letter from ——, of August 29, I have to say that I never saw Mulligan's memorandum book, and have no idea what has become of it, nor do I know why the testimony in Blaine's Little Rock and Fort Smith investigation taken subsequent to June 10 was never printed. You may remember that the investigation was conducted by a subcommittee consisting of General Hunton, Judge Ashe and Mr. Lawrence. I had nothing to do with the papers. The investigation was postponed soon after Blaine was sunstruck in Washington and Cincinnati until the next session at the request of his friends Frye and Hale, upon the alleged grounds that he desired to embark in a short time for Europe, and that in their judgment a further prosecution of inquiry by the committee would permanently unhinge his intellect, if it did not destroy his life.

I thought there was about as much probability of his coming to an untimely end from that cause as there was that he would die of unstroke. I confidently expected that the matter would be resumed next session at least. Why it was I do not know. I supposed that all the papers had been returned to the file room. If they cannot be found there, it is possible that they may be in the possession of the vandal who chiseled the figure of his child's tom stone. I felt no personal interest in the matter, and I paid no further attention to it after I exposed his villainy with regard to the Caldwell telegram. I am very truly your friend,

J. PROCTOR KNOTT.

THEY WERE CREMATED.

Tunnelson, West Va., Oct. 21.—Last night at the Thomas coke ovens three men and a boy were pushing a coal car along the tramway above the ovens. As they stepped over the one it caved in, precipitating all four into the white hot coke. They were literally burned to ashes. When the oven was emptied the only trace of them found was the melted metal of buttons and coins and the steel mounting of tools, which went down with them.

THE LEGEND OF GLEN PLYM.

In 1868, when the Indians made a raid into Douglass and El Paso Counties, they sought hiding-places in this country—Colorado—but the canyon of Deer Creek is too small for a covert. Turkey Creek canyon gives more secure hiding-places. Among other interesting matters connected with Deer Creek and the Platte country is the legend of an old Indian chief and his daughter. Blazing Star, a war chief of the Arapahoes, had attained the greatest influence among his tribe. Stern and implacable in battle, earnest and invincible in council, he cared little for women, and was accustomed to regard all squaws as very inferior creatures. The Colorado pioneers had reached the country, and the great chief felt very jealous of their approach. But doubt and uncertainty prevailed among the tribe, and Blazing Star believed they were about to yield to the white man.

Noted for his boldness and unheard-of intrepidity, the war chief resolved to reconcile the opposing factions by a grand *coup d'etat*. Calling all chiefs and warriors to assemble on a certain day, he suddenly appeared before them on the topmost point of a crag, which rises above the most romantic and beautiful part of the canyon, a spot known as Glen Plym, where, through groves of cotton-wood, Deer Creek, clear as crystal, dashes along with a sound that is wonderfully musical. How he got up to that height no one knows, but it was to be tried again soon after, as the story will show. Assuming that the Great Maniton inspired him to stand there, the warrior addressed those in the glen below him, urging them to a relentless war against the pale-face. His cries for the white man's blood were heard and answered, and many spears flashed in the sunlight at his appeals. But one old chief returned from the pow-wow sad and disheartened.

Laughing Eyes, the chief's daughter, was so beloved by Wagull as if she had been his own child. He knew that one of the pale faces, a young scout, who, a mere boy, had come west in the days of Kit Carson, loved and was beloved by the Indian maiden. He knew that Blazing Star had contracted a special hatred for the young scout. Hence he resolved to warn the young girl. His warning came none too soon, but when the maiden started for the settlement to warn her lover she was beset by highwaymen, and a thousand perils escaped to find the settlement burned and her lover a prisoner in the hands of her father. She soon knew the worst. On the crag above Glen Plym was the body of her lover, who had been laid there to die of starvation and exposure. She attempted to scale the perilous rock, but slipped and fell into the canyon beneath, a corpse. The father, finding the daughter dead, and arriving in the same way at the cause, succeeded by the means he knew in reaching the top of the crag. But his aid came too late—the young scout had breathed his last.

Since that time it is said that in the dead of night cries are heard as of the old Indian chief bewailing the loss of his daughter, and other and feebler cries as of an Indian maiden weeping for her lover. So runs this legend, hardly old enough to be called so, for the old pioneers are so near the Coloradoan of today that it is not at all unlikely that the legend had some foundation in the love of a young man named Walters for an Indian chief's daughter.

BIG DOSES.

The Southern negro does not take kindly to pellets of the homeopathist. He believes in the largest doses of the old-school practice, and will toss off a tumblerful or castor-oil with a smack of his lips. Even a glass of salts and senna will be swallowed with gusto, while a bolus is taken without a moment's hesitation. An Englishman, who hunted in the Soudan, says that nothing gives an African savage greater pleasure than a good dose of medicine. He found his medicine-chest more useful in making the negroes friendly than his revolver and breech-loading rifle.

But the medicine must be strong and rapid in its effects, for the savage is too impatient to wait several hours for the medicine to operate, and to much influenced by his sight and taste to be satisfied by a small dose. He is never so happy as when he has taken a good dose of croton oil and colocynth, or four or five grains of tartar emetic.

Holloway's pills were as popular in the Soudan as in London, and the sportsman found that the more liberal he was with these powerful cathartics the more willing were the negroes to serve him. Whenever he opened his medicine-chest, the natives respected him as a great "medicine-man." The more he physicked them the better they liked it. But willing as they were to be doctored internally, not one of them would submit to an operation with the knife.

A FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.

Boston, Oct. 22.—A special dispatch from St. Paul says: The boiler of a threshing machine on the Leech & Nichols farm at Beltramie, exploded to-day, instantly killing Thomas Evender, the engineer; John Smith, John Lingwood, Chris. Swanson and John Johnson, farm hands, and Wm. Pierce, aged 11 years. An unknown man was badly scalded. The engineer was recovering from a debauch.

A sensation was caused in the court house at Louisville, Ky., the other day, by a fight between Judge Hargis (until recently Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals,) and Colonel Bennett A. Young, a well known lawyer, and President of the Southern Exposition. In an argument in an injunction case Hargis made a remark reflecting on Young, who immediately denounced the ex-Chief Justice as an infamous liar. At this Hargis hurled two law books at Young. The two clinched, and were having a regular mill, when they were separated by friends.

Recently a frightened pheasant flew into Philipsburg and darted into a large plate glass window breaking the glass and killing itself.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, Thomas J. Dunkle, High Sheriff of the county of Centre, commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in said county of Centre, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1884,

[being the Tuesday, next, following the first Monday in November] at which time the following officers will be elected, to wit:

3 persons for Electors-at-Large for President and Vice President of the United States;
27 persons for District Electors for President and Vice President of the United States.
One person for Congressman-at-Large for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.
One person for Congressman from this district.
One person for President Judge of the district of Centre and Huntingdon counties.
One person for Associate Judge for the county Centre.
Two persons for members of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, for Centre County.
One person for High Sheriff for the county of Centre.
One person for Prothonotary for the County of Centre.
One person for Treasurer for the county of Centre.
One person for Register for the county of Centre.
One person for Recorder for the county of Centre.
Three persons for Commissioners for the county of Centre.
Three persons for Auditors for the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several boroughs and townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines at the public house of And. Immel at Aaronsburg west precinct.
Haines township, east precinct, at the school house in Woodward.
For the township of Half Moon at the school house in Stormstown.
For the township of Taylor at the house erected for that purpose on the property of Leonard Merryman.
For the township of Potter, north precinct, at the public house of D. J. Meyer in Centre Hall.
For the township of Potter, southern precinct, at the public house of D. H. Ruhl, Potters Mills.
For the township of Gregg, northern precinct, at Murry's school house.
For the township of Gregg, southern precinct, at the public house owned by J B Fisher, of Penn Hall.
For the township of College in the school house at Lemont.
For the township of Ferguson, old precinct, in the school house at Pine Grove.
For the township of Ferguson, new precinct, in the school house at Baileyville.
For the township of Harris in the school house at Boalsburg.
For the township of Patton at the house of Peter Murray.
For the borough of Bellefonte, and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court house in Bellefonte.
For the borough and township of Howard at the school house of said borough.
For the township of Rush, northern precinct, at the Cold Stream school house.
For the township of Rush, southern precinct, at Powelltown school house.
For the township of Snow Shoe, east precinct, at the school house in Snow Shoe town.
For the township of Snow Shoe, west precinct, at the Moshannon school house.
For the township of Marion at the house of Joel King in Jacksonville
For the borough of Milesburg at the school house of Milesburg.
For the township of Boggs, north precinct, at the Walker school house.
For the township of Boggs, south precinct, at the Central City school house.
For the township of Huston at the Silver Dale school house.
For the township of Penn at the public house of Joseph Kleckner, Coburn.
For the borough of Millheim at the school house opposite the Evangelical church in said borough.
For the township of Liberty in the school house in Eagleville.
For the township of Worth at the school house at Port Matilda.
For the township of Burnside at the school house of J K Boak.
For the township of Curtin at the school house of Robert Mann's.
For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union at the new school house at Unionville.
For the first and Second wards of the borough of Philipsburg at the large public school house.
For the Third ward of the borough of Philipsburg at the small public school house.

NOTICE is also hereby given, "That all persons, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold an office or appointment of any profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary Department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city or incorporated district; and also that every member of Congress or State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law capable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for.

TICKETS TO BE VOTED.

The qualified electors will take notice of the following acts of Assembly, approved the 12th day of March, 1866: "An act regulating the mode of voting at all elections in the several counties of this Commonwealth."

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That the qualified electors for the several counties of the Commonwealth, at all general, township, borough and special elections are hereby authorized and required to vote by tickets, printed or written, or partly printed or partly written, severally classified as follows: One ticket shall embrace the names of judges of courts voted for and to be labeled outside "Judiciary;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the State officers to be voted for, and shall be labeled "State;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the officers voted for, including the office of Senator and members of the Assembly, if voted for, and be labeled "County;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the township officers voted for, and be labeled "Township;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the borough officers voted for, and be labeled "Borough;" and each class shall be deposited in separate ballot-boxes.

THOMAS J. DUNKLE,
Sheriff of Centre County.

THE OLD HOME.

It sleeps beneath the sunny hill
As in a tranquil dream;
The giant elms are spreading still
Above the meadow stream.

Wild birds that join in music sweet
And quiet sheep and cows
Find grateful shelter from the heat
Beneath those leafy boughs.

All day among the scented grass
The crickets leap and sing,
And green and golden shadows pass
Like swallows on the wing.

How calmly in the sheltered nook
The summer hours may go,
Yet bright and joyous as the brook
That sings with deep'ning flow.

O world, with all thy cities' pride,
Thy plains and valleys green,
Thou hast not in thy bound'ries wide,
So sweet, so fair a scene.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

At Mr. Lonsdale's aristocratic mansion in Philadelphia the earliest letters were brought in with the rolls and coffee, so that Mrs. Lonsdale was languidly eating orange marmalade when her husband read out the contents of the letter with the black edge which had just come from Moon Mountain.

"Left a widow!" echoed Mrs. Lonsdale. "And with six daughters. What a very unpleasant circumstance!"

"She was my favorite cousin," said Mr. Lonsdale. "As bright a girl as I ever saw. I suppose, Naomi"—with a little hesitation—"we couldn't take her in here?"

"Take her in here?" repeated Mrs. Lonsdale. "Why, where could we put a widow and six young women? We actually haven't room to accommodate ourselves?"

"Well, well, I'm sorry for poor Mary," said Lonsdale. "I think she had the bluest eyes I ever saw. Six daughters, and we never had one. Perhaps, Naomi," with the old hesitating formula, "you wouldn't like to adopt one?"

"Thank you," satirically observed his wife. When I do receive an adopted child into my house it will not be the country article."

* * * * * *

At the solitary little farm on Moon Mountain, however, the same topic was being discussed while Mrs. Drix was sewing on the simple mourning which the bereaved family could afford.

Helen was washing the dishes, Rosie was darning the carpet with a piece of woolen yarn of the same color and Lizzy was trimming seven plain straw hats with bands of crape, as inexpensively as possible. Susy was picking over a shining tin pan of dandelion greens for dinner. Esther, the youngest and rosiest of all, was feeding a little flock of downy chickens, and Sarah, the eldest, was absent at a neighbor's, helping to make up the spring outfits of half a dozen boys.

"Sarah was always so handy with the needle," said Mrs. Drix, with pardonable pride.

"But, mother," said Rosie, looking up from her work with a troubled countenance, "what are we to do?"

"Mother," said Lizzy. "our Lonsdale cousins in Philadelphia are rich. Couldn't we go to them?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Drix. "I wrote to them, telling them of our affliction, and they sent back a letter full of common-places, without even offering to help us."

"But they are rich, and we are poor."

"Yes, and they live in splendid style, Hattie Cooley says so," added Susy.

"Very likely," said Mrs. Drix "But as long as there are seven pair of hands in this family and God spares our health, I do not propose to turn genteel beggar!"

"But, mother," began Rosie, who was the care-taking member of the family, "I really think—"

"I've settled it all in my own mind," said Mrs. Drix, stitching away until her needle looked like a gleam of steel lightning. "The house is large, although it isn't built after the latest fashion. The air is wholesome and there is the Black Spring, where people come to get the water for ten miles around, I mean to keep boarders!"

"Hurrah for the little mother!" cried Essie, clasping her plump hands. "And I may help you make custards and do up preserves, mayn't I, mamma?"

Susy and Esther shall help me," declared Mrs. Drix. "Sarah can always earn her living by tailoring work. Helen shall go into the glove factory; I'm told they need new hands there. Lizzie can help Mrs. Dart, the milliner, and Rosie is to be nursery governess at Mrs. Millingham's. And if between us we can't earn a livelihood it will be very strange.

Susy and Essie were delighted. Rosie naturally regarded her position as a decided promotion. Helen, however, dropped a tear into the pan of hot water which she had just poured out.

"The glove factory, mother?" she repeated. "But it will be such a strange, lonesome place. I don't think I shall like it."

We must all of us try to like our duty, child," said the brisk little widow. "I'm an American woman, and they cannot discourage me. This is a country for the woman's rights."

"Mary is going to open a boarding-house," said Mr. Lonsdale again to his wife. "She has requested me to insert an advertisement in the dailies for her."

"Very laudable of her, I am sure," said Mrs. Lonsdale with a yawn.

"Suppose you were to go there for a few weeks before the Saratoga season opens?" suggested Mr. Lonsdale, "You can't very well stay here while the painting and repairs are going on."

"I don't know that I can endure that sort of living," said Mrs. Lonsdale dubiously.

"Mary Drix used to be the best housekeeper I ever knew," answered her husband.

"Do you suppose she will take me cheap?"

"I should imagine so."

So Mrs. Lonsdale wrote a patronizing letter to her husband's cousin bespeaking the best room.

But when she got to Moon Mountain there was only one little square room left. The fame of the Black Spring had gone forth in all directions, and a newspaper editor promulgated an article praising the delicious pine-scented air and well populated trout brooks of the mountain—and the consequence was that the farm house was full.

"But this room is too small," said Mrs. Lonsdale, fretfully.

"It's all I have left," said Mrs. Drix, "and I could have let it half a dozen times over if it hadn't been reserved for you, cousin Naomi."

"You'll take me at a reduction from the usual prices, I suppose?" said Mrs. Lonsdale.

"I shall charge you just what I charge everybody else, neither more nor less," answered Mrs. Drix.

"But I'm a relative," pleaded Mrs. Lonsdale.

"What good does that do me?" said the widow, fixing her blue eyes full on Mrs. Lonsdale. "My terms for a room of this size are $15 a week."

"But that is too much," whined Mrs. Lonsdale.

"How much did you expect to pay?" asked Mrs. Drix with a curious sparkle in her eyes.

"In this wilderness here," said Mrs. Lonsdale, "$10 would be—"

"If those are your ideas we never shall come to terms," said Mrs. Drix.

"But if you are really cramped for money—"

"My dear Mrs. Drix, you have no idea of the perpetual demand on us for money—"

"I will take you for twelve dollars." Mrs. Drix completed her sentence as if the other had not spoken.

And the bargain was completed.

Mrs. Lonsdale had not been in the house a week before she took her husband's cousin severely to task.

"That horrid old man in the faded olive-green suit has the best room in the house," said she. "The very best."

"Yes," said Mrs. Drix, "he is my mother's uncle. He was always very good to my poor husband."

"But I'm told he only pays half price?"

"Yes," confessed the widow. "He is very old, and can't go up and down stairs, so of course he must have the first floor room."

"But he hasn't any property?"

"He owns Carragee farm, across the mountains," said Mrs. Drix, "but nobody will rent it of him because the land is so rocky, and the farm house was burned down last fall when there were so many fires in the woods. Beyond that he has nothing."

Mrs. Lonsdale frowned.

"Nobody has any right to live to be seventy years old without having laid up some little provision for the future," she said.

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Drix, "that perhaps Cousin Mortimer Lonsdale would contribute a little something to his support, as we are equally related."

"You may be very sure that he will not," said Mrs. Lonsdale, with emphasis.

"Very well," said Mrs. Drix calmly. "He shall never want while I can help him."

The very next week, however, old Mr. Darrow was found dead in his armchair. And by will he had left everything he possessed to his grandniece, Mary Drix.

"I wish you joy of Carragee farm!" said Mrs. Lonsdale. "Of course you'll have to pay taxes on it, so it will absolutely be money out of pocket."

"It was all he had to give?" said Mrs. Drix.

Meanwhile the family was prospering. Sarah was engaged to marry a thrifty young farmer of the neighborhood. Helen was earning a good living.

Lizzy was contemplating the setting up of a small milliner's shop on her account—and Rosie was in high favor at Millingham Place.

Even Mrs. Lonsdale admitted that her French cook could not excel the creams, delicate cakes and delicious puddings which these young damsels compounded.

"I'm almost sorry our rooms are engaged at Saratoga," said the city lady. "I am getting rather to like Moon Mountain. And your table is decidedly good. Mary. And as for the girls, I have grown to like them very much."

Mr. Lonsdale himself entered as she spoke.

"Well," said the lady airily "what, is the news, Mortimer?"

"Bad news," said Mortimer, in a hoarse accent. "We are ruined! The business has gone to wreck—the cashier has gone to Belgium—and we haven't a cent to call our own!"

Whereupon, naturally enough, Mrs. Lonsdale went into hysterics, screaming, "Oh, heaven! we are ruined, ruined, ruined! My life has ended, Mortimer—I might as well die as starve."

When Mrs. Drix came in, Naomi was widely loading her husband with reproaches and struggling with him. Mortimer Lonsdale stood with some thing glittering in his hand. Mrs. Drix went up to him and took it away with gentle authority.

"Give me that pistol, Mortimer," said she. "Get up, Naomi, and leave off crying and sobbing. If ever you needed to be a woman, you need it now."

"We are ruined—we are ruined!"

"I can never redeem myself," said Mortimer hukeily. "You had better have let me shoot myself, Mary"

"Pshaw!" said Mrs Drix, curtly. "Suicide is the last resort of the coward. Don't you know, Mortimer, that it is always darkest just before daylight?"

"I don't know what you mean," said he.

"Then listen to me. The old lawyer has just come over from Carragee farm. He says that they have struck a rich vein of iron on the rocky hills there. A stock company want to buy it of me for $80.000, and I've agreed to sell it. Uncle Darrow was as much your granduncle as he was mine. We'll divide the money, Mortimer, you and I."

"But I've no right to it Mary," faltered he.

"Not by law, perhaps," said the widow, "but you have by equity—at all events, half of it shall be yours. What do I want with $80,000? Half of it will be great riches for me. The girls are all doing well, and I like to lead a busy life. Nay, Mortimer, you must take it!"

He turned away his face.

"Mary," said he, "you have heaped coals of fire on our heads!"

"Mary," sobbed Mrs. Lonsdale, "you are an angel."

So Mr. and Mrs Lonsdale settled on a pretty farm on Moon Mountain, and, strange to relate, their only son, Geoffrey, eventually married pretty Essie Drix.

"So you'll have to adopt one of Mary Drix's girls, after all!" jocosely said her husband.

'She's a perfect little darling!" said Mrs. Lonsdale, who had softened strangely of late; "and her mother has shown me what a complete fool I made of myself. She has brought me to my senses, Mortimer, and I think we are all the happier for having been ruined."

The Soldier's Life.

Going into winter quarters was to the veteran what holiday time is to the school-boy. First of all there was the feeling that you were settled down for a time, the prospect of a long and much-needed rest, with an increase of personal comfort. The dreary boxes of hard bread were exchanged for broad sheets of fresh loaves from the Government bakeries. The sutler and the paymaster arrived, and every table groaned with simple but high-priced luxuries. Hut-building grew into an art. A few men of mechanical instincts would explore the woods, in search of all sorts of odd-shaped roots and branches, creating out of these unpromising materials specimens of rustic work remarkable for neatness in design. Usually the huts were built of rough logs, split in half to give the interior walls a finish. Shelter tents were stretched over the rafters, the chinks between the logs were stopped with wet clay, and a chimney completed the edifice. Six men formed a mess, shelf-like bunks affording sleeping space at either end. In the center stood a cracker-board table, with a few stools or a couple of chairs made out of flour barrels. The muskets and equipments hung on pegs on either side of the door, which was made of canvas on a frame, or the universal resource, a cracker-box. In these snug huts the men forgot their trials and privations, and enjoyed the simple pleasures at their command. Chess, checker, and backgammon boards were obtained from the sutler or were manufactured, and it was a poor hut that could not boast of a pack of well-thumbed cards. These games served to relieve the tedium of winter life, for in stormy weather there was not much drilling and very little fatigue duty. A great deal of pipe-carving was done, the roots of laurel being abundant, while the ambitious devoted their leisure to inventing patent machines. One of the most valuable agricultural implements now in the market owes its origin to a soldier mechanic, who completed the details in a winter hut.

Think of ease, but work on.

A foul morn may turn a fair day.

A shrewd observer once said that in walking the streets on a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived, by the ashes thrown on the ice before the doors.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibited

Picturesque War.

The expedition which Lord Wolseley has projected up the Nile is called by the English journalists as original and daring as anything in the annals of war. It may, however, have had its prototype in the ancient Pharaohs, who sent large expeditions into the Soudan, beyond the territory that acknowledged their sway, to procure drugs, ivory, ostrich feathers, lions and slaves. These expeditions may possibly have ascended in the small Nile boats which are represented in the tombs and temples, The English are going to attack the rebels in row boats. The Londoners speak of this as original. It is the common way of going to war with the river tribes. This expedition was to leave Sarrar about the 1st of November. What it will do, now that it is impossible for the liars of the Soudan and of Cairo and of England to any longer conceal the fact that Gordon is as safe in Khartoum as the Khedive in Cairo, and that no "rescue" is needed, it is impossible to predict. But it seems to be believed that the English troops will continue on up the Nile in the expectation of restoring allegiance to Egypt by a show of force.

The expedition was to contain 7,000 men in a flotilla of 800 small and narrow boats. Each boat is 32 feet long by seven feet broad and will carry ten boatmen, ten soldiers and food for one hundred days; they draw only twenty inches of water and can be sailed, rowed or poled or "tracked"—that is pulled along by a rope. It is thought that boats of this size can be hauled over the rapids with little difficulty. Of course the only reason for following the river in its roundabout way is that the men may have water, the want of which presents an almost insuperable obstacle to the crossing of the desert by a large army. If this plan is carried out, the expedition will be a novel and in some respects a pleasant adventure. The climate of the upper Nile in winter is superb, with no rain, no dampness, fairly cool nights for sleeping, and a temperature of seventy degrees during the day. The voyage, to be sure, if it lasts a couple of months, will be rather monotonous, and we imagine that rowing the boats up the swift current will cease to be amusing after the first day. No progress worth speaking of can be made by poling, and tracking is about as slow as rowing. It requires a good deal of strength to pull a small row boat up the stream, with only four or five persons in it, and when it is attempted to row a boat thirty-two feet long, and loaded down with men and provisions for three months, it will be no joke. Sails may perhaps be utilized occasionally, for the prevailing wind on the Nile in winter is from the north but, in taking this great circuit, with its numerous short bends, there will be a good deal of distance where sails cannot be used. To ascend the river in a row boat is also less pleasing than on a dahabeah or steamer, whose decks are high enough out of water to give a view over the high and steep banks. To pull along against a three-mile current, in fact to crawl along, in the river, with little to see on top of the monotonous banks, will be anything but inspiring. Probably, however, the soldiers will walk a good deal of the time, and drag their boatloads of food. Certainly the expedition will be watched with interest.

Henry Clay's Medal.

Henry Clay, when presented in Febuary, 1852, with a large and elegantly-executed medal, by some of his New York friends, received it by reading a written address, and then, in a conversational manner, expressed a favorable opinion of the bead, as giving his features with great truthfulness, but playfully remarked that he did not know before that his nose was so prominent; and then added, in allusion to the great intrinsic value of the medal from its material: "Who can tell but fifty or a hundred years hence, some Goth may get hold of this and say the nose of this old dead fellow will serve to buy me a great many things that I want, and may carry it off? However, it is a capital likeness, I think. The artists," said Mr. Clay, "have not generally succeeded well in taking my features, but that has been in a great measure my own fault; for my face never retained long the same expression, and, especially when I am under any excitement, it changes every moment. John Randolph once paid me a high compliment, not intentionally, for he seldom complimented any man; but, without intending it, he paid me what I esteem one of the highest compliments I ever received. He said that whenever a debate is coming on, if I can get a sight at Mr. Clay's face I can always tell which side he is going to take." Strange to say, the medal was soon afterwards stolen between Washington and New York from a lady to whose care it had been intrusted, and the original donors had a fac-simile made, at considerable expense.

Protective Union.

The workingwomen's Protective Union of New York has a record to be proud of. It has been in existence 20 years, and during that time has expended $65,000 in the conduct of 7,000 prosecutions for attempted frauds upon working girls.

Victoria's Fortune.

Her Majesty possesses an immense fortune. The estate at Osborne is at least five times as valuable as it was when it was purchased by the Queen and Prince Albert about forty years ago. The Balmoral property of her Majesty now extends over 30,000 acres. Claremont was granted to the Queen for life in 1866, with revision to the country; and her Majesty purchased the property outright three years ago for £78,000. Probably its market value is not much under £150,000. The Queen also possesses some property at Coburg, and the Princess Hohenlohe left her the Villa Hohenlohe at Baden, one of the best residences in the place. With regard to personal property Mr. Nield left the Queen over £500,000, and the property left by the Prince Consort is believed to have amounted to nearly £600,000; but the provisions of his will have been kept a secret, and the document has never been proved. The Queen must also have saved a vast sum out of her income, which has always been very well managed. Since the death of the Prince Consort the general administration of the Queen's private affairs has been confided to Lord Snyder, who is a consummate man of business. I have reason to believe that in due course application will be made to parliament on behalf of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Indeed, there is to be a royal message on the subject of Prince Albert Victor's establishment next session. The country will not, however, be asked to provide for the younger members of the royal family. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are already wealthy, and on the death of the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha they will migrate to Germany; but the Connaughts, Albanys, Christians and Battenburgs will look to the Queen for provisions; and so, also, will any of the younger children of Princess Alice who may happen to make poor matches. It will be seen, therefore, that the Queen will have plenty to do with her fortune, large as it undoubtedly is; and although in the event of her Majesty's death the country would be asked to provide for Princess Beatrice, yet she naturally will occupy an important place in her mother's will.

Harvest of Salt Marshes.

Thousands of large haycocks are visible over the length and breadth of the Jersey marshes. Laboring in these great harvest fields that rest on watery fondations is not attended with the arcadiant charm which is associated with the same work among clover and timothy. There is no suggestion of lowing kine, no sweet scented breath of new mown hay, no rest at noonday beneath the cool spreading trees. The fragrance of the salt meadows is that wafted from the sluggish ditches and stagnant pools choked with the decaying vegetation of years, and from the great sources of oozy, malarious slime which the receding tide exposes to the sun. Mosquitos are born in millions in these congenial breeding spots, and swarm constantly about the ears of the mowers.

This salt hay, after being cut and stacked, is left in the meadows untill winter weather has so stiffened the marshes that horses may be safely driven on them. Then the hay is hauled to the farm or premises of the owners. This hay is prized and principally used as bedding, although it serves in some places as food for cattle especially if upland hay is scarce and high. Large quantities of it are sold in Newark and Elizabeth to livery stables, brewers and manufacturers for bedding for horses. It is worth about what the purchaser may feel like paying for it, although in some seasons it has brought $5.00 a ton.

The Best Medicine.

Speaking generally it is not to the laboratory of the chemist that we should go for our potash salts, but to the laboratory of nature, and more especially to that of the vegetable kingdom. They exist in the green parts of all vegetables. This is illustrated by the manufacture of commercial potash from the ashes of twigs and leaves of timber trees. The more succulent the vegetable the greater the quantity of potash it contains, though there are some minor exceptions to this. As we have already stated we extract and waste a considerable portion of these salts when we boil vegetables and throw away the pottage which our wiser and more thrifty neighbors add to their everyday menu. When we eat raw vegetables, as in salads, we obtain all their potash. Fruits generally contain important quantities of potash salts, and it is upon these especially that the possible victims of lithic acid should rely. Lemons and grapes contain them most abundantly. Those who cannot afford to buy these as articles of daily food may use cream of tartar, which when genuine, is the natural salt of the grape.

Court wisdom ardently.

First understand, then argue.

Be just to all, but trust not all.

The beauty of the face is a frail possession, a short-lived flower, only attached to the mere epidermis, but that of the mind is innate and unchangeable.

A man's domestic relations don't bother him as much as the relations of his domestics.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Fall not out with a friend for a trifle.

A flow of words is no proof of wisdom.

A good paymaster never wants workmen.

Attend to duties promptly and faithfully.

Never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

Yield always to reason, but never to passion.

The sublimest miracle in the universe is Man.

Friendship is the bud of the flower of love.

A friend to everybody is a friend to nobody.

Form plans with care, to execute with vigor.

The old man's staff is the rapper at death's door.

The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth.

Children have wide ears and very long tongues.

Be forgetful of self, and live not to yourself alone.

Many without punishment, none without sin.

Mediocrity is the dry rot that paralyzes Progress.

Pleasure in work is the mere delirium of rhapsodists.

Little things console us because little things afflict us.

Whatever is worth adopting, is worth sticking to.

Remember that a good example is a very convincing teacher.

Second thoughts are the adopted children of experience.

Be respectful towards others, thereby commanding self-respect.

Learning is pleasurable, but doing is the height of enjoyment.

All life aims are in vain that aim at anything less than heaven.

Being found true of heart, heaven is the goal of the humblest life.

Malice sucks the greatest part of her own venom, and poisons herself.

The lowest deeps and the loftiest heights are in the heart of man.

The Cant of politics is scarcely less reprehensible than its corruptions

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.

Many persons consider themselves friendly when they are only officious.

No pleasure is comparable to standing on the the vantage ground of truth.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by men.

If you are determined to live and die a slave to custom, see that it is at least a good one.

The beggar is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances.

The best and most important part of a man's education is that which he gives himself.

The best and most important part of a man's education is that which he gives himself.

A man can frequently polish his boots with better grace than he can polish his manners.

That which is won ill never wears well, for there is a cause attends it which will waste.

The man whose rule of life is policy never knows the glow or the glory of honest enthusiasm.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes cover it.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.

Scholars are frequently to be met with who are ignorant of nothing save their own ignorance.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them.

He that, to the best of his power, has secured the final stake, has a perennial fountain of joy within him.

Genius is only entitled to respect when it promotes the peace and improves the happiness of mankind.

"In the sweat of thy brow shall thou eat thy bread." This is a curse which has proved a blessing in disguise.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather but vanishes as soon as a cloud approaches.

Work of hand or head is not an end in itself, but a means to the development, progress and happiness of man.

Nothing makes the world seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitude and longitude.

In the literary as well as military world most powerful abilities will often be found concealed under a rustic garb.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

We often meet with more instances of true charity among the ignorant and poor than among those who profess to be Christians.

Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky, but the stars are there, and will re-appear.

The same corrupt dispositions which incline men to the sinful ways of getting will incline them to like sinful ways of spending.

He who is truly in peace never suspects others. But he who is ill at ease and discontented, is disturbed by various suspicious.

So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

Have the courage to work and support yourself, though it may be by handling the pick, rather than sponge on your relatives, and act as a dude.

Have the courage to wear old clothes until you can pay for new ones; and do without rather than borrow, particularly from any than a near friend.

THE INVITATION.

Come to the trysting tree:
Sit 'neath its boughs with me
There I will tell to Thee
Legends so sweet
While in the sylvan glad
Songsters of every shade
Join in the serenade,
My love to greet.

Come, with thy sparkling eyes,
Bright as the starry skies,
Glowing with glad surprise
Tender and true.
Cheeks pink with blushes rare,
While in the perfumed air,
Light gleams thy silken hair
Golden in hue.

Then shall thy bosom swell,
Woo'd by the tales I'll tell—
Tales lovers know so well;
And in thine ear,
Whispering sweet vows to Thee,
Of my heart's constancy,
All 'neath the trysting tree,
This shalt thou hear.

BESS.

It was twilight in Yosemite. The narrow valley shut in by its high walls of granite was lost in shadow, but the crest of the half-dome lifted upward into the sunset fire was wrapped into crimson flame. Among the amber billows of light the snow-white peak of Cloud's Rest faded away into spiritual splendor, and the spray-wreathed waters of the upper Yosemite fell downward like a golden thread into the gloom below.

Earthward the silence fell and the dream-land below seemed hushed in the eternal quiet of the spirit-land above. Like a great giant the shadowy dusk arose from the earth and made war with the god-like sun. Shamed and vanquished the splendid king hid his face behind the purple ranges, and night lifted the misty fingers of the dusk and laid them upon the slopes of amethyst and gold.

On the shadowy trail leading to Glacier Point stood a young girl looking upward to the peaks of splendor. Her eyes seemed never to weary of the changing views, for many times in her ascent had she stood thus with the bridle of her horse falling idly from her hands and her fair face wrapped in a thoughtful glow. But at last she seemed to awaken to a realization of the coming night, and, springing into the saddle, urged her horse to a faster gait.

Through the quickly-gathering sadows the hotel at the summit was just discernible, when a small boy sprang out of the woods on one side of the path, causing Nero to shy violently and almost precipitating the rider from her saddle.

"Were you trying to break my neck, James?" she asked, shaking her finger warningly at the small aparition. If you were, you well-nigh succeeded."

"Oh, no, Miss Bess!" answered the young scape-goat, with a grin. "I've been watching for you this long time. Let me take your horse, Miss Bess. I'll tend to him splendid and see that's all right for you in the morning."

"Thanks, James," she said, dismounting and throwing him the bridle, "take him along and I'll follow."

James led the way, chatting all the while after the fashion of loquacious small boys. It was not many moments before Bess knew all the news of the Point, even including the hotel. "An awful good lookin' chap," "a regular stunner. George Munro, the stage-driver, said he was an artist, 'cause he's got a whole box full of paints and things. He saw 'em, and besides, he says he's traveled an awful lot—seen the Alpines and all that."

"The Alps, you mean," said Bess absently. She was scarcely heeding the boy's gossip yet she had a vague feeling that it would be a rare pleasure to be an artist and roam around the world at will, catching inspiration from all of Nature's moods.

The hotel at the Point was a very primitive affair indeed, and very simple unworldly people were they who kept it, the good McCanley and his wife. The hotel was after the fashion of a backwoods cabin, unadorned by paint or polish. The rafters alone ornamented the ceilings and the partitians between the guest chambers had chinks in them large enough for guests to hold visible communion with another. But the place was as clean as the labor of hands could make it, and though the tired traveler sat down to no sumptuous repast, he was regaled with the most palatable of home-made dishes.

And what the hotel itself lacked in attractiveness was amply compensated for by the superb location which the building occupied on the slope of a three-thousand foot precipice. Nowhere from any point adjacent to the valley could there be found a view more sublimely beautiful than this hotel commanded. Facing the grand peaks of the High Sierras, and within sight of the far-famed Vernal and Nevada Falls, it was a site that even a king might have envied for his most costly palace; and tourists of the most distinguished rank and calling had gladly partaken of its humble hospitality for the sake of this feast of grandeur.

Bess was a school-teacher in the little village school in the valley—a prosaic occupation truly amid such sublimity, but circumstances had forced her to accept the position, and she filled it with grace and dignity. Though born and nurtured in the mountains, Bess was not without culture, for her father had been a man of learning and she had always been fond of study and reading. Added to this was an innate refinement that gave her dainty ways and a gentle grace.

Mrs. McCanley had always taken a motherly interest in the motherless girl, and rarely a week passed that Bess did not spend a day or two at the Point. And in return for her warm-hearted kindness of these good people, she gave James, their eldest son, gratuitous instructions in the rudiments of knowledge.

At the first streak of dawn Bess was awake the next morning, and hurriedly dressing herself, she seized her Latin grammar and hastened down the stairs and out into the bracing air. She had never missed a sunrise at the Point during any of her visits there, and this morning she sought her favorite seat, on the slope in front of the house, with a feeling of gladness. The soft breath of the pines came through the forests with a rare sweetness, and it gave her a thrill of joy to know that the vast solitudes were hers to love and enjoy.

Soon a roseate hue spread upward from the east. From peak to peak crept the glow, until the whole upper world seemed bathed in the rosy splendor. Wreaths of vapor faded away into golden mists around the mountain tops, and downward into the dark, mysterious valley, a violet glory fell reflected from the peaks and slopes of snow. The foaming waters of the Merced, dashing over the granite walls of the valley, caught the reflection ere it faded, and precipitated their seething torrents over the cliffs in a mad whirl of iridescent beauty. The voice of the pines and the music of the falls made a grand harmony that swept like a mighty hymn through the vast cathedral of nature. No other sound broke the stillness. Not even a bird-song floated out of the forests to mar the eternal silence as the god of day opened wide the gates of morning.

Motionless, filled with a rapturous wonder, Bess sat, her eyes lifted up to the God-given grandeur of the royal heavens; and not until the sun himself rose behind the violet screen of Mt. Lyree did she turn her eyes away and devote herself to study.

Suddenly she was startled by a footstep behind her. Turning around she was surprised to perceive the form of a stranger. He lifted his hat with as princely a grace as if she had been a duchess.

"In the free-masonry of these upper solitudes I suppose I may be barbarian enough to introduce myself, may I not?" He did not wait for an answer but handed her a card.

A warm flush crept over her face, but his manner was so unmistakably that ot a gentleman that she could not take offense. She read the name, "Howard Fletcher," with some confusion, but answered with a grace equal to his own.

"Certainly we are so remote from civilization here that forms count for little."

"May I sit here?" he asked, pointing to a fallen tree upon which she was sitting. "I want to make a sketch of that bit of green forest yonder, and this seems the happiest spot in which to make it."

She gave assent, watching him with a shy interest as he took out his sketch-book and proceeded to work.

"Are you a native of the valley?" he inquired between the outlines of his sketch.

"No, but I was born in the Sierras and have lived all my life among these mountains."

"Indeed! Then you are truly to be envied." He turned and looked at the girl beside him. She had the ingenuous face of a child, healthy and glowing—a sweet, girlish mouth and large eyes full of startled wonder. Truly the passions of the world had never touched her. She was a child of nature, and the pure, fragrant breath of the pines had made her strong and beautiful.

"May I ask what you are reading?"

"I am studying Latin," she answered, demurely.

An amused expression flitted across his handsome face. So you mingle the conjugation of Latin verbs with incomparable sunrises, do you? Happy thought, that!" Then he was silent for a moment.

"Do you live at the Point?"

"Oh, no! I teach the village school in the valley."

"Indeed?" He lifted his eyebrows with a surprised expression. "A school-teacher?" "Not a severe looking pedagogue," he added, mentally, a smile passing over his clear features. Then he looked at her curiously out of his handsome eyes. How fair she was in the warm splendor of sunlight, her rounded cheek rested upon one small hand. A school-mistress indeed! He would rather have taken her for a naiad.

For a few moments there was silence between them, in which she appeared lost in the mysteries of Latin and he in the high lights and shadows of his sketches.

"Breakfast is ready!" sang out James, as he came toward them. "Ma says as how you'd better come right away."

"Primitive style, this!" laughed the young artist, good-naturedly, as he walked toward the house with Bess. "But I like it—it has a flavor of freedom which well suits a Bohemian."

After breakfast he took his sketching materials and marched off through the woods. Several bits of beautiful landscape he caught by the way and transferred to his canvas, but all the while it was a girlish face that haunted his fancy and a genial voice that seemed to mingle it cadence with the solemn music of the pines. He did not return until late in the afternoon, and it was with a vague feeling of disappointment that he learned that Bess had gone. Somehow she seemed to have taken all the sunlight of the Point with her.

A week later he was riding through the valley on his way from the Vernal Falls, when a horse and rider suddenly dashed past him. The slight figure of the fair equestrienne seemed familiar, and on the impulse of the moment he pursued her. Halt way through the valley she reined in her horse and turned her head to catch a glimpse of her pursuer. A pleased expression dawned upon her face as she saw who it was. Then she extended her hand with a shy smile as he rode close to her.

"Nero and I were taking a canter," she said. "I never dreamed it was you following me so closely."

"I am a very ungallant knight, I must admit," he said with a rare courtesy, "but pardon me and I shall not be so curious again."

"It did not vex me," she murmured, smoothing back the tangles of brown hair from her flushed face and fastening the pins more securely in the heavy braids that the wild chase had nearly unloosened. Then as the ludicrousness of their mad race dawned upon her she laughed with a blithe heartiness that was contagious—the fair-haired stranger laughed, too, in his careless fashion, and they rode down the dusty road together, feeling that they had suddenly become good friends.

He watched her with a keen admiration. How interesting she was with the soft, warm color coming and going on her bright face and her eyes lifted to his with their child-like grace. He tossed back his fair hair with a sudden, impatient gesture. What a splendid plaything she would be to a man who had the time to win her! Then he almost cursed himself for the thought. A very child she was with no shadow of the world upon her. Could he ever have the heart to throw its blight across her pathway or drag her into its fierce turmoil of passion and pain? No! he turned his face away from her and spurned the tempter.

And Bess, riding along slowly in the golden sunlight, wrapped in the peace of her own heart, knew not the sudden battle that was raging in the heart of this proud stranger.

By the side of the beautiful Merced river she was sitting the next afternoon, with all her school-children about her, when Harold Fletcher made his appearance among them, peeping in through the interlacing branches that hid this cool, shady nook from the road.

"What a charming picture you make," he said smiling, "and is that wreath for you?"

"Oh, yes, I am to be crowned I suppose," she answered, looking at the wreath of yellow primroses with an air of good natured resignation. She was reading to the children and they looked on the intruder with jealous, restless eyes.

"Don't let me interrupt, I beg of you," he said throwing himself lazily upon the grass a short distance from the little group, with his back against a towering oak. "Go on I entreat. It has been a long time since I listened to a fairy-tale."

He leaned against the tree with an indolent grace, looking at the fair girl through his half-closed eyelids. Her fresh beauty filled his artist's soul with a rare delight. No wonder the village people called her "beautiful Bess." How like a child she was among the children. Yet the mother-heart that lives in every true woman showed itself in the fond caress she gave the blonde curls of the child who had thrown herself at her feet and had fallen fast asleep with her tired head pillowed in Bessie's lap.

"Strange creatures these women are," thought Harold lighting his cigar and puffing it languidly. "How this girl wastes her time on these stupid children!" "Yet, meanwhile, he would not have her a whit less womanly, a trifle less unselfish. Only he half envied the slumbering child the touch of the caressing hand and the warm love that flashed between the pages from Bessie's soft, dark eyes.

Oh, for one brief second of childhood—for one sweet breath of innocence like that! The man of the world turned his face to hide the wave of bitterness that crept over it. Could any little golden head ever rest against his heart and not feel its restless throbbing? Ah, no! the very thought was a bitter pain. And he dismissed it with a frown on his clear-featured face. He was content to dream away the hours feasting his eyes upon the graceful head of the young teacher, and thinking what a glorious model she would make for his new picture, which he intended sending to the exposition.

"Dusk," that was the name of it, and he would paint her with the children all about her and her eyes filled with startled splendor. In the shadowy veil of her hair he would imprison faint golden stars and in her white hands a crimson rose, typical of the fading sunset. What a beautiful picture she would make! All the world would wonder.

He was aroused from his reverie by the voices of the children. They were going home. "Don't go," he said to Bess as she picked up her books preparatory to following them. "I am selfish enough to wish to be entertained also."

Bess smiled and went back to where he was sitting. There was something in his voice which she could not resist. And stronger women than Bess had succumbed to its wonderous fascination. He threw away his cigar and rose to his feet.

The sun set early in the valley, and ere they reached the village the shadows were falling.

"Good night!" he said holding her fluttering hand for a moment in his and bending his proud head to look into her velvety eyes, "good-night!" There was a longing in his eyes she did not see—a longing for her pureness and beauty. But he set his teeth hard and strode away through the gathering shadows towards the hotel.

For a long time after he went away Bess stood with her hand upon the gate looking upward into the still spaces of the silent world above, and not until the red glow died away upon the South Dome, and the stars crept over the white crest of Cloud's Rest, did she enter the cottage, and even then, though there was a bright fire upon the hearth and a tempting supper upon the table, there was a loneliness in her heart she could not conquer.

The weeks passed by and yet Harold Fletcher made no effort to leave the valley. His friends at home wondered, but he wrote them that he was occupied with his sketches of the valley and they were satisfied. He scarcely dared acknowledge to himself the spell that held him there. In Bessie's pure eyes he had found an earthly Eden, and he shut his heart to all the great world beyond, whose waves of care and sin and sorrow beat so fiercely against his white-walled paradise.

But his dream was a short one. On reaching his hotel one evening a letter was handed to him which filled him with a sudden despair. In the privacy of his own apartment he read its contents. It must have been a strange message, for a hot flush crept over his face and he threw the letter to the floor and ground his heel upon it. A faint perfume floated upward from the crushed paper, the odor made him faint. He threw open the main door and gasped for air. Then with a bitter smile at his sudden weakness he took the missive and burned it slowly in the flame of the candle, watching it with eager fascination. A shadow seemed to rise from the ashes wrapping Bess in its dark folds and shutting out her pure eyes from the sight.

The night passed away, and when the morning came it found him worn and weary. He had not slept and there was a strange pallor upon his face. After breakfast he sent for a horse and rode away to the still heights of the mountains.

In those wild solitudes God must have given him strength and calmness, for he came back at noon with a quiet smile upon his fine features. All his restlessness was gone, and in its stead was his usual non-chalant grace.

He passed the little school-house, but Bess was not there. He inquired of her aunt at the little cottage and learned that she had gone to the Point. Then he rode to the hotel and ordered another horse. It was sundown when he reached the summit of the trail. He gave his horse to James, who volunteered the information that Bess had gone through the woods a half hour before.

Harold found her at last, standing on the narrow ledge of rock that was really the Point proper. She was leaning over the iron railing that had been placed there for the protection of visitors, looking down into the valley below. It required a clear head to look down that sheer precipice of three thousand feet. It was a sensation from which many a man had recoiled with a feeling akin to terror. It made the brain reel and the heart grow faint. But Bess stood there with no thought of fear in her dusky eyes. She was thinking of the miniature paradise below her, walled in by its grand precipices of granite, and she wondered if God had ever created a spot more beautiful. But slowly the last gleam of light faded away. The High Sierras were still bathed in seas of spleudor, yet the little valley beneath was losing itself in the dusk. Only a faint golden reflection lay upon the calm bosom of Mirror Lake, and the narrow thread of the Merced river was touched here and there with ripples of gold.

Fearing to startle her, Harold called her name softly. She turned, and a glad smile of welcome lit up her face. He led her backward from the edge of the precipice.

"Queen Bess," he said, smoothing the hand that lay passively in his own. "I have come to say good-bye. Day after to-morrow I must leave the valley."

"No!" a shiver of terror swept over her and she crep nearer to him. "You will not go."

"Yes." He drew the brown head close to his breast and silently kissed the silken braids of hair. He knew her pain was not greater than his own.

"You will never come back!" She lifted her head and looked him full in the face, "I know it." It gave him a pang of remore to see how white her face had grown and how her lips quivered.

"Yes, I will, Bess. I swear it! Here on these enternal heights of God, with the silent mountains to bear me witness, I swear that I will come back to you."

She turned her face away and said no more. She did not question him.

Ah, if she could only have known how he clung to her stainless love. How it washed all the sins of his manhood away and made his own heart pure for the sake of the white blossom that nestled there! For her sake he was going back into the world to renounce all its glittering joys; for the sake of this red-wood blossom he was going to cast away the beautiful rose of sin whose crimson petals had lured him on to a bitter sorrow.

But he dared not tell her this—this fair girl who looked into his eyes with all the pureness of her childhood yet upon her, with no thought of the passion of sorrow that lay in his heart. No he would sooner have thrust her over the precipice into the dark abyss below, than to have opened her eyes to the despair of his own soul.

The August moon was lighting all the peaks with a white splendor when they walked back to the hotel, yet the moments had flown by unheeded. To Bess the night wind whispered a sad music and the giant pines nodded their heads in the moonlight with weird shadows in their swaying depths. In the midnight silence of her own room she looked out upon the still, white world and shivered. In that vast solitude so close to the shining stars she was all alone, and even the brooding peace of the heavens brought with it no calm to her troubled, human soul. Even the nearness of God could not sweep away that awful sense of loneliness and terror.

The next morning Harold Fletcher was off by daybreak. He could not bear the sight of Bess again—the passionate misery on her pale face would have turned him from his purpose.

News of a frightful accident reached the valley the following week—but Harold's name was not among the injured. The train making connection with the stage at Madera had been wrecked—a few days later this small fragment of a life history drifted into the Western papers:

A young and beautiful actress well known in New York dramatic circles met with a sad death in the recent accident. She was found suffocated in her berth. It is said she belonged to a proud and wealthy family in the East but a strange perversity led her to forsake her home for the stage.

Just a line or two, but Harold Fletcher shivered when he read it. "Yes beautiful," he said, crushing the paper between his hands with a look of remorse upon his white face, "but it was a beauty that makes wrecks of men's souls." Then he laid the paper down, hoping Bessie's pure eyes would never fall upon it. In his own heart the tragedy was hidden, and more than this the world never knew.

The summer passed away and the autumn came with its brilliant beauty. The leaves in the valley turned to gold and scarlet, and the snow fell in the mountains, changing the emerald slopes into fields of glittering white. September died in a crimson flame and October followed in her footsteps, mournful and beautiful. With her frosty breath she killed all the lingering blooms of summer, and the snow-flakes fell in her pathway, wrapping all the valley in a still, white splendor.

Then Bess grew weary of waiting. The little school had been closed long ago and she determined to leave the valley. She would go away—perhaps into the world that lay beyond the mountains, she did not care now—anywhere, so it was out of sight of those grand heights that seemed to mock her with their own peace, and the tall pines that were always sighing for the golden summer.

Nearly all of the tourists had left the hotel, and the valley which had echoed to the tread of hundreds of travelers now grew strangely desolate and dreary. No longer the warm fires of the campers illuminated the white cliffs with their lurid glow and the echo of the camp-songs had long since died away.

Alone she walked beside the river—alone she markrd the blood-red sun as it sank to rest at night, leaving a crimson trail upon the far, white peaks. She grew to dread the pale stars that shone above the shadowy heights at night and the splendid moon that turned the granite cliffs to silver. She felt like a prisoner shut in by walls of adamant, and she grew paler with each sun that looked upon the white-walled valley.

But at last Harold came—came, through the still, white forests that even at mid-day were full of ghostly shadows, to meet her.

Again he took her in his arms and pressed the brown head close to his heart. There was no shadow of sin in it now. Long hours of pain and suffering had purified it for the coming of her pure, sweet love.

But she had no words for him, not even of reproach or questioning. Only the dumb sorrow in the shadowy eyes told him how she had suffered, only the misery upon her white face told him of the weary waiting.

"My little white blossom!" he cried!" my pale little flower of love, how I have made you suffer!"

But he did not tell her his own misery, of the long illness that had been nigh unto death, and the dark passion that had burned itself to ashes. No! all these things he could not tell to the tired child who rested against his heart. The white flame of her love had led him out of the darkness into the heaven of peace, and he could not cast one shadow upon her.

Every man has a past. Does he always tell it to the woman he loves? No, he holds her sacred and lifts her above the level of his own passions and follies.

He stooped down and pressed a reverent kiss upon her white brow. "Queen Bess," he said, "the last stage leaves the valley to-morrow and I shall take you with me into my world. Are afraid to go Bess?" He searched her eyes for truth.

"No!"

A warm glow crept over her lifted face and a glad light into her splendid eyes. "I would be afraid to stay without you," she answered. And the man who had doubted every woman before her looked into her truthful eyes and was satisfied.

Two weeks later, the circle of friends in which Harold Fletcher moved were made breathless with astonishment by the fact that he had brought home a bride.

"A beautiful creature," women whispered, "with a lovely mouth and splendid eyes. But what strange people these artists are. To think of his going to the Sierras for a bride!"

A Russian Wedding Feast.

The banquet is ordered at some fashionable confectioner's. Nothing is wanting—silver, crystal, flowers and lusters laden with candles of the purest wax. The young married pair occupy seats about the middle of the table, the parents supporting them on both sides; the rest of the company take seats according to the degree of relationship or rank. If they want a grand dinner they order a "general's" dinner, which costs $30 more than an ordinary one. At this dinner, so ordered, the master of ceremonies invites a real old pensioned-off general, who is received with all the reverence due to his rank and seated in the place of honor. He is the first to drink to the health of the young couple, and is always helped before any one else. He never speaks unless it is absolutely necessary. He is there only for show, and he does his best, in return for the $20 paid him. He never refuses a single dish of all the thirty or more served on such occasions.

As the last roast disappears from the table the champagne corks fly, the glasses are filled to the brim, the music strikes up, and huzzas resound from all parts. But here comes the bride's father with glass in hand, going up to her bowing and making a most woeful face, saying that his wine was so bitter that he could not drink it until she had sweetened it. After a great deal of pressing she rises and gives her husband a kiss; her father still pretends that his wine is bitter, and it remains so till she has given her husband three kisses; each kiss not only sweetens his wine, but is accompanied with roars of laughter and bursts of applause.

After the dinner comes the ball and "the general's walk." They lead him through all the rooms once every half hour; everybody salutes him as he passes along, and he graciously replies by an inclination of the head. At last, at 3 o'clock in the morning, all the young girls and those who dressed the bride take her away to undress her and put her to rest; the men do the same by the husband: The next morning the house of the newly married couple is again filled with the crowds of the evening before. The young wife is seated in a drawing-room on a sofa with a splendid tea service before her. One after the other approaches her and salutes her. She then offers tea, coffee or chocolate, according to the taste of the visitor. She is throned for the first time in all the splendor as the mistress of the house. The most intimate friends remain to spend the day with the young pair.

TO PREVENT the incursions of mice strew wild mint where you wish to keep the mice out, and they will never trouble you.

Planets in October.

Mercury is morning star throughout the month, and wins high standing on its records; for in his course he will be visible to the naked eye as morning star for the last time during the year. He reaches his greatest western elongation, or most distant point from the sun, on the 5th, at 3 o'clock in the morning, being then 17° 58′ west of the sun.

Jupiter is morning star, and is a conspicuously brilliant object in the eastern sky, outranking and outmeasuring his fair rival, Venus. The paths of the two planets lie near each other during the whole month, and their approach, meeting and receding form one of the most charming exhibitions that the planetary brotherhood possess the power to marshal on the nightly plain when the glittering hosts bestud the sky. Jupiter now rises about fifteen minutes after Venus. As he is apparently moving westward and she is moving eastward, it is easily seen that with each successive rising the space between them will lessen until they meet. This event occurs on the 6th at eleven o'clock in the morning, when Jupiter is 1° 15′ north of Venus. The planets are invisible at their nearest point of approach, but they will be near enough together on the 6th to make a fine appearance on the morning sky. They will rise at nearly the same time, about two o'clock, will be the brightest object in the firmament, and will continue to be visible long after the other stars have faded away in the glowing dawn. On the morning of the 7th they will present a new aspect, for they will then have changed places, Jupiter being west instead of east of Venus. The distance between them will continue to increase as each planet travels in its appointed course in an opposite direction from the other.

Venus is morning star. She is still fair to see, though her soft light is growing dim. Her path during the month lies so near that of Jupiter that the history of the one planet includes that of the other. The two principal actors have a companion of lesser renown. The first-magnitude star Alpha Leonis, or Regulus, is a near neighbor of both Venus and Jupiter during the first part of the month, the yellow star contrasting finely in tint with the deep gold of Jupiter and the soft tint of Venus. The fair planet is in conjunction with Regulus on the 7th, at seven o'clock in the evening, being then 55′ south of the star. At this time the bright trio will be almost in line, Jupiter being farthest north, with Regulus nearly between him and Venus.

Saturn is morning star, and as he rises now about half-past nine o'clock in the evening, will soon be in convenient position for observation. His high northern declination and increasing brightness make him a prominent object and one easily recognized,

Neptune is morning star, and is in good position for telescopic observation. He may be found in the constellation Taurus about seven degrees south of the Pleiades, and remains nearly stationary during the month.

Uranus is morning star. He encounters Mercury moving eastward towards the sun. They are in conjunction on the 9th, but as both planets are invisible, observers will not be the wiser for the meeting.

Mars is evening star, and enjoys the distinction of being the only planet on the sun's eastern side, his six companion planets being congregated on the sun's western side as morning stars. He may be found in the constellation Libra early in the evening, where he shines as a feint reddish star.

The October moon fulls on the 4th at five o'clock in the evening. The moon is in conjunction with Neptune on the 7th, and with Saturn on the 9th. She makes her nearest approach to Jupiter on the 14th, and to Venus on the 15th, when the bright planets and the waning crescents will make charming pictures on the morning sky.

Chinese Feeding their Dead.

Recently hacks and express wagons loaded with Chinamen, roast pig, etc., commenced to pour across the Stark street ferry from Portland, Oregon, on their way to Lone Fir Cemetery to observe the religious ceremony commonly called feeding the dead. A reporter of this paper, who visited the cemetery during the afternoon, found a large number of Chinamen engaged in this pious duty. The roast pigs and chickens were placed around on the ground among the graves of the Chinese, and at the head of nearly every grave candles were burning. From the best information to be obtained in regard to this custom it seems that the food is intended as a sort of propitiatory offering to the Chinese devil. The offerings varied according to the habits and tastes of the occupants of the graves. At the grave of one his friend, after digging holes in the hard ground with his knife, stuck up two candles, and then laid out several sets of chop sticks and as many small cups, which he filled with wine; then he placed some bowls of rice and a package of cigarettes and a small vessel of opium. Then he made several bowls and genuflections, as if inviting his dead friend or the other party to set to. A number of fires were burning in the vicinity, and on these were placed pieces of paper with squares of imitation gold leaf pasted on them representing gold coin, and smaller squares punched full of holes represented the brass cash, which coin has a hole in the centre. Some burned small garments made of paper, and thus furnished a new suit to their deceased friends at small cost. After the pigs and chickens had been displayed long enough to give the devil time to satisfy himself they were carefully replaced in the wagon and brought back to town.

Utility of the Wheel.

The utility of the bicycle is proved by the Vermont farmer, who takes his son's machine, suspends the wheels a few feet from the floor, removes the tire, substitutes an endless rope, which he also places on the driving wheels of agricultural machines then makes his son mount and furnish motive power for shelling corn, cutting hay and turning grindstones.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., OCT. 29, 1884.

KELLY COMES OUT STRAIGHT.

The Tammany Chief Claims that New York will Give Cleveland 60,000 Majority.

"Will Tammany support the Democratic national ticket?"

"Well, that's a pretty question to ask," said John Kelley yesterday in reply a reporter's query. "Yes, sir; Tammany will support the Democratic candidates and the support she will give will mean sixty or seventy thousand majority in New York."

"There has been some talk of deals and bargains in which Tammany might be drawn."

"Deals with whom? The Republicans? Oh, no. Tammany can afford to ignore all that sort of talk, and will pursue the even tenor of her way undisturbed by such rumors. You have doubtless heard of the fellow who cried 'Wolf! wolf!' when there was no wolf and what happened to him. It would be well for the people to keep their eye on those who are so ready to cry, 'Deal! deal!' Tammany makes no deal. Mr. Cleveland was not Tammany's choice, to be sure, but he is the nominee of the party of which Tammany forms such an important part, and Tammany will be true to him as she has ever been true to the candidates of the Democratic party."

"Then Mr. Cleveland will be elected, you think?"

"He will be the next President beyond a doubt. Blaine is already defeated. The Ohio election was a dismal failure for the Republicans, and now they are out with a begging letter from the national committee asking for funds with which to carry Indiana and New York. They need not waste money in New York, for it will do no good."

MEANEST SNEAK IN TOWN.

Malarial gases sneak up through the poorly constructed drains and made baby very sick with malarial fever. Baby would have died but for a timely use of Brown's Iron Bitters. There is nothing meaner in its way of coming, nor worse in its effects, than this malaria from the underground regions. Mrs. McDonald, of New Haven, Conn., says, "For six years I suffered from the effects of malaria, but Brown's Iron Bitters cured me entirely." Try it when malaria steals in and undermines your constitution. It will give relief.

AN IOWA COURTSHIP.

[Louisville Commercial.]

One night a young doctor of Newton Centre, Ia., escorted the daughter of a prominent and wealthy citizen to church. The father of the girl had forbidden her to accompany the young man. When church was out the father lay in wait behind a tree for his daughter's companion and jumped out upon him as he passed. He seized the young man by the throat and tore his collar off and the bosom out of his shirt. The old gentleman then ran away. When she entered the house her father took her to the parlor, and, pointing to the doctor's shirt bosom, which he had tacked to the wall, said: "I intend to have it framed." On Monday the doctor saw the old gentleman passing his office. The story of the shirt bosom was already known about the village. The young man rushed out, dragged his Sunday night assailant into his office, and compelled him to take off his white shirt. Attaching to it this placard: "A contribution for a coward," he fastened the garment to a pole and hung it out of his office window. Since then the father of the young lady has apologized to the doctor and invited him to call on his daughter as often as he pleases.

McDonald's Improved Liver Pills secure a healthy liver, regularity of the bowels, good digestion, sound sleep, clear head, and an active energetic mind. No constipation, no biliousness, no Jaundice, no sick headache, or torpidity of liver or kidneys possible, when occasional doses of these pills are used. All druggists keep them.

Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded. For sale by J. D. Murray. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents
15o2

SUICIDE NEAR NEW BERLIN.

We learn that on Thursday morning, 16, Christopher Seebold, residing in Limestone township, Union county, near New Berlin, committed suicide by hanging. The deceased had been suffering for some time with mental troubles and his family had kept a careful watch over him, fearing he would do himself harm. On the morning in question he remarked that he "believed he would walk over to the corn field and see how the hands were getting along cutting corn." He started in that direction and the family thought he had gone there. In about fifteen minutes some of the family went after him and discovered he had not been to the field. A search was at once made, and he was found in an adjoining grove hanging to the limb of a tree dead. The deceased was the owner of several farms, and was quite wealthy. He was aged between fifty and sixty years. He was well known throughout the county and had a large circle of friends and relations.—Lewisburg *Journal*.

READ THIS ADVERTISEMENT.

Adrian, Michigan, Jan. 31, '81.

Have sold the goods many years, and they give the best satisfaction. We had an order for 3 large bottles Downs' Elixir last week to be sent to Woodland, Cal.

J. R. BENNETT & Co., Druggists.

The goods referred to in foregoing letter are N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment. For sale at Murray's. oct

THIRTY-FIVE BUILDINGS BURNED.

Atlanta, Oct. 18.—Details have been received of a destructive fire at Barnesville, Ga., yesterday. A spark from a passing engine set fire to 250 bales of cotton on the depot platform. The fire in two hours' time had destroyed four-fifths of the business part of the town, involving a loss of $150,000. Large quantities of goods piled in the public square were burned. Barnesville "Gazette," Oddfellows' hall and post-office were among the buildings consumed. Thirty-buildings were consumed.

Ebony and Mahogany curtain poles with elegant brass trimmings, only 75 cents, at the Bee Hive.

GERMAN COLONIES.

The difference between the English and the Germans in their respective colonial successes is so remarkable as often to have attracted attention without perhaps causing much investigation of the causes which have led to this difference. The English nation has founded colonies all over the world; these colonies have been successful; have increased the numbers of their inhabitants not only by emigration from England but by attracting the enterprising and the discontented from every part of the world, and have remained stanch in their adherence to the mother country, with but one notable exception, that of the United States, the people of which were firm in their allegiance and prompt in their duties as British subjects until fairly driven away by the persecutions of a tyranical Ministry.

The Germans, on the other hand, while they have sent out more emigrants in proportion to their population than any other nation in Europe, having had few colonies, and have, therefore, seen their people scattered among other nationalities, gradually losing all these characteristics that made them peculiarly German. The reason of this cannot be a lack of love for their native country, for the Germans have more of this than any other nation on the globe. A representative German lately suggested what is probably the true explanation. For ages the territory of Germany has been divided into petty States, 30 or 40 in number, the people of each having their own customs, speaking their own dialect, having strong local attachments and marked pride of race, but acknowledging no general head to which they could all claim allegiance, and, consequently, having none of that proud national feeling which so characterizes the English. The result has been that when Germans went abroad they went not as Germans but as prospective citizens of the country in which they intended to reside, and soon, of course, lost their identity as Germans.

This was the case down to the resurrection of the German Empire in 1871, and from that time to the present there have been various indications pointing to a change. The local dialects of the petty States are being gradually disused for the German of the Court and universities, local prejudices are being, little by little, swept away, and a national pride is springing up that must infallibly bring about many good results. Whether the foundation of colonies, into which the overflow of Germany's 45,000,000 of population can be poured, will be one of the consequences of the empire is yet too early for conjecture, for a colony-founding nation must be strong at sea, and Germany's naval force is not great, but the tendency is undoubtedly in that direction, and if the German Empire holds together for a hundred years extensive German colonies in Africa, Asia, and perhaps also South America are among the possibilities of the future.

AMERICAN WORKERS.

It appears from statistics recently compiled that the whole product of American manufactures in 1850 was valued at $1,019,000,000; in 1860 it was $1,885,000,000; in 1870 it was $4,232,000,000; and in 1880 it was $5,369,000,000. An explanation of the enormous increase in the volume of trade was found partly in the increase of the producing population, but chiefly in the multiplication of machinery. In 1850 there were altogether 957,000 hands employed in manufacture; in 1860 the number was 1,311,000; in 1870, 2,053,000; and in 1880, 2,700,000. The increase from 1850 to 1860 was thus 37 per cent., from 1860 to 1880 about 50 per cent., and from 1870 to 1880 about 31 per cent. In 1870 there were steam engines and water wheels, with 2,346,142 horse-power employed in manufactures, and in 1880 there was a total of 3,410,837 horse-power employed, being an increase of 1,064,695 horse-power, or about 50 per cent. But this increase of horse-power does not fully represent the productive capacity that is added to the already existing sum total. In many departments of light manufacture, such as shoemaking, clothing, wooden-ware, etc., a little machine will treble the producing capacity of one hand. The productive capacity of the States proceeds at a far greater rate than that of any other country. Half a million persons are added to the population every year from immigration, and these represent a productive element. All are workers, and, indeed, there are few idlers in the States altogether. Another important point is that the machinery represents a producing element exclusively. The great need now is to find additional consumers of the products of the enormous industries going forward. The home market has hitherto been chiefly the concern of the manufacturers, but now this market is completely overstocked, and if it is necessary to find out foreign buyers. If these be not provided, and the productive capacity of the United States goes on increasing at the present rate, the American people will have labor problems thrown on their hands which they will find very difficult to solve.

It is the essence of resource that it usually lies dormant, and often unsuspected, until necessity awakens it. It is a draft payable on demand, the very demand being essential to create the assets. In a word, it needs the "power of the moment" to evoke the "power of the man.'

☞Any person wanting permanent employment, at good salary, should not overlook the advertisement of P. N. Nicholas & Co. It is a reliable firm.

HOW BEDOUINS CONQUER THIRST.

In an article on "The Rescue of Chinese Gordon," to be found in "Open Letters" in the *Century*, General R. E. Colston, late of the Egyptian General Staff, says: "In the 'Waterless Land,' water is the paramount question. If it be asked how a large body of Bedouins like the ten thousand who nearly destroyed the British squares at Tamai manage to subsist, the reason is plain. In the first place, they do not need the the enormous trains required for a European army. The are the most abstemious of men. Each man carries a skin of water and a small bag of grain, procured by purchase or barter from caravans. Their camels and goats move with them, supplying them with milk and meat, and subsisting upon the scanty herbage and the foliage of the thorny mimosa, growing in secluded wadies. These people could live upon the increase of their flocks alone, which they exchange readily for other commodities; but being the exclusive carriers and guides for all the travel and commerce that cross their deserts, they realize yearly large amounts of money. As to the water, they know every nook and hollow in the mountains, away from the trails, where a few barrels of water collect in some shaded ravine, and they can scatter, every man for himself, to fill their water-skins. On my first expedition, near the close of the three years' drouth, I reached some wells on which I was depending, and found them entirely dry. It was several days to the next wells. But my Bedouin guides knew some natural reservoirs in the hills about six miles off. So they took the water camels at nightfall, and came back before daylight with the water-skins filled. An invading army would find it hard to obtain guides, and even if they did, they must keep together, and could not leave the line of march to look for water. Besides, the Bedouins, accustomed from infancy to regard water as most precious and rare, use it with wounderful economy. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. As to washing, they never indulge in such wasteful nonsense. When Bedouins came to my camp water was always offered them. Their answer would frequently be: 'No, thanks; I drank yesterday.' They know too well the importance of keeping up the habit of abstemiousness. No wonder they can subsist where invaders would quickly perish."

LONDON SHOP-GIRLS.

One of the disadvantages of the shop-girl is that, although at first at least she earns small wages, she has to be always well dressed. Being surrounded by finery, she often gets a taste for it and spends all her earnings on it. As soon as she begins to fade she is no longer wanted in a shop, and then there she stands without resources, generally with delicate health. Even if she marries she often has no idea of housekeeping. How should she? There is no time to learn anything besides selling across the counter. Another disadvantage, although it may be unadvoidable, is the liability to be dismissed at a day's notice. "The giving only a day's notice seems a hard measure," said an employer the other day, "yet I would not have that weapon out of my hand for anything. It is a necessary rule. If, for instance, we should give a girl a month's notice, or even a week's, she might do us more injury in the interval before she leaves than we could well afford. Incivility of the attendants would be enough to drive ladies away from us, and a dismissed saleswoman would most likely not care to be over civil. But in general the rule of instantaneous dismissal is not enforced, and I have only once, in an experience of many years, dismissed a girl suddenly." That may be, but the liability remains, and all employers are not so considerate as this one. It is a very serious matter for a young girl without a friend in London suddenly to find herself turned adrift. To go to any London lodging-house of the lower class would be almost as bad as to remain without shelter, and the funds of a poor shop-girl rarely allow her to pay for an expensive apartment. To remedy this evil the leaders of the Young Women's Christian Association have established homes for both members of the society and others in different parts of London and the country, where, for a small charge, girls can always find shelter when out of work in a strange place. Other homes exist, and they need to be multiplied in all parts of London. A list of the homes should be kept in every shop or workroom for the use of girls who have no homes.

DEPRAVED TASTE OF A CODFISH.

Among the curiosities exhibited at the headquarters of the Fish Commission in Washington, are five playing cards that were found in the pouch of a cod captured by Capt. Cornwallis Swim, of the schooner Sophronia, last fall. Two of the cards, the Jack of clubs and ten of spades, are in a perfect condition; but the deuce of diamonds and deuce of hearts each have one spot obliterated, and only a small part of the other card, remains. It is thought that the chances of five cards remaining together in the water long enough to be swallowed by a fish, are rare, and the supposition is, that the cod must have had tastes for games beyond his usual prey, and deliberately and separately swallowed the cards.

Ladies' Russian circulars, dolmans, newmarkets and plush coats, in every conceivable shape, at the Bee Hive,

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 20 a m
" "	Montandon	5 45 a m
" "	Williamsport	7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
" "	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
" "	Renovo	9 35 a m
" arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	10 39 a m
" "	Williamsport	11 45 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 45 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" "	Montandon	1 32 a m
" arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
" "	Renovo	5 05 p m
" "	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
" "	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
" "	Montandon	5 50 p m
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
" arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 10 a m
" "	Montandon	9 20 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
" "	Renovo	10 05 a m
" "	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
" "	Williamsport	12 35 p m
" "	Montandon	1 36 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
" "	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	1 55 p m
" "	Renovo	10 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
" "	Williamsport	1 00 a m
" "	Montandon	2 05 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
" "	Philadelphia	7 50 a m
WMPT ACN leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
" "	Williamsport	6 35 p m
" "	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
" "	Montandon	7 49 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agent

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			1e3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

Leave Eastward.

	2	4 A.M.	6	8	10 P.M.
Spring Mills		5.50			1.56
Coburn		6.18			2.26
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
			A.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M		8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25		8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar. 5 40		ar. 9.10	ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

New Arrival of Goods

AT NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS

NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

HARDWARE,

OILS AND PAINTS,

GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE,

GROCERIES.

COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH

SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,

EVERYTHING

KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS.

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

Whitmer & Lincoln

HAVING LEASED THE GRAIN-HOUSE OF SMITH & CO., at

COBURN, PENN'A,

FOR A TERM OF YEARS ARE PREPARING TO PAY CASH FOR

WHEAT. WHEAT, WHEAT,

RYE, RYE, RYE,

BARLEY and CORN, &c.

COAL, SALT & FERTILIZER

For Sale

Coburn, Pa, August 1, '84. 6aug3m

MURRAY'S

CARRIAG WORKS

CENTRE HALL, Centre Co., Penn'a, Where are kept on hand and for sale.

—BUGGIES,

—PHAETONS,

—SPRING WAGONS,

—&c., —&c.

Repairing done at Reasonable rates.

Buggy Tops of any style made to order, with prices according to quality. I have recently added HORSE SHOEING to the smith department, under the supervision of a very skilled and obliging blacksmith.

19dec tf LEVI MURRAY.

THE OLD STAND!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods.

Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.

We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS. FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF

Cloths and Cashimeres.

Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS.

WM. WOLF & SON.

SECOND-HAND

ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.

TWO 25 " "

ONE 18 " "

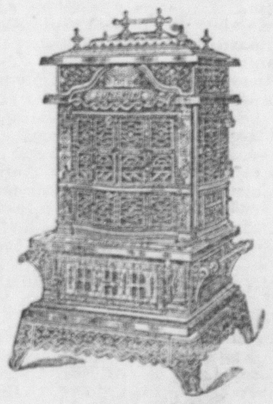
THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the BELLEFONTE FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS'

23ap tf WM. P. DUNCAN & CO.

Centre Hall

STOVE EMPORIUM



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HAS JUST RECEIVED THE FINEST LOT OF STOVES IN THE COUNTY.

Nickel Plated and Plain, Ranges, Coal Stoves, Heaters,

AND EVERY STYLE OF STOVE, LARGE AND SMALL, PLAIN AND FANCY, AT ALL PRICES, AND IN TRUTH

The Cheapest Stoves

IN THE COUNTY. HIS PRICES ARE DOWN TO ROCK BOTTOM, SO THAT IT WILL PAY NO ONE TO PURCHASE STOVES ELSEWHERE.

☞CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF oct1tf

HARDWARE. HARDWARE. HARDWARE

—to—

JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO. JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

—ARE SELLING—

REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farmers Tools,

RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, ROPE BLOCKS SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE, TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

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STEWART'S IRON-FIBER PAINT and CEMENT,

—COLORS RED AND BROWN,— All Ready for Use.

For painting BUILDINGS, FENCES, BRIDGES, ROOFS, &c., and for repairing and preserving ROOFS of all kinds. Guaranteed to be more durable and economical than any other paint or cement made. Send for circular to

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3sep3m

LADIES' MEDICAL ADVISER.—A complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated; postage paid for 10 two-cent stamps. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at home. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. Address, NUNDA PUBLISHING Co., Nunda, N. Y. 6aug3m

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JOHN BLAIR LYON, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont feb tf

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Examination for admission, September 9.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study :

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE: (b) NATURAL HISTORY ; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
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6 A recognized course in Mechanical Arts, combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
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9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal.
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CURES
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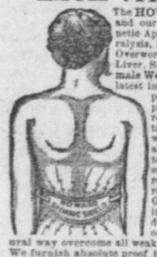
Price 50 cents and $1.00.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HELP FOR Women MEN WHO ARE NERVOUS AND LACK VITAL ENERGY.



The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electro Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for Men only at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without drugging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards.
Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.
AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., 1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.
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THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift & Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO
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CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY
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Furnishes and Keeps on Hand
SASH, — DOORS,
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
SIDING, SHUTTERS,
BLINDS.
MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.
23jl1y ISRAEL CONFER & SON

THE FIRST ROTHSCHILD.

No trace will shortly be left of the houses in which Borne, the German writer, and Meyer Amschel Rothschild, the founder of that family's fortunes, first saw the light. Since 1872 only a single row of houses was left, as one side of the street had been pulled down after the fall of two houses, when thirty-one persons were buried in the ruins. Looking at the Judengasse in its present aspect one is struck by the narrowness of the houses. They have three stories facing the street, and the whole of the facade is studded with small windows. The gables are pointed, and access is gained to the houses by three or four steps. The doors open into a dark passage, at the other end of which is a worm-eaten wooden staircase, the boards of which bend as one puts one's foot upon them. The rooms are small and low-pitched, and they are inhabited by a few of the poorest and most squalid families, Jew and Christian alike. The room upon the ground floor is used as a shop by dealers in old clothes, shoemakers and tinkers. Several of the wealthiest merchants in Germany at the present time may regard these hovels as the home of their ancestors, who are now replaced by these poor wretches. There is little that is picturesque about the Judengasse, and those who have had their curiosity whetted by the descriptions in "Baedeker" will have seen nothing comparable to what one comes across in Italian ghettos. More curious than the Judengasse is a tavern hard by, where the Jewish beggars meet at nightfall. This tavern, kept by a man named Levy, consists of one long room, the wall of which are painted yellow. Little drink is consumed there, but the customers take their meals there and play cards. Round a circular table a cosmopolitan company, consisting of Jews from Poland, were the caftan and long curls are still worn, as well as from Paris and Berlin, may be seen conversing in low tones, and upon the evening when the correspondent paid a visit to the place, in the company of a detective, several women were there knitting, one of them being one of the handsomest persons he had ever seen, with magnificent eyes, a white skin and jet black hair encircled by a kerchief of red wool.

A FOOLISH FRAUD.

"You would be surprised," said a post-office official recently, "if you could know how frequently stamps are used a second or even a third time. And what is the most surprising thing about it is there is no profit for the person using a stamp the second time, as it requires more than 2 cents' worth of application and ingenuity to cleanse a stamp; but the loss to the Government is very considerable. I would be content to receive a sum equivalent to that stolen from the department every year in this way for my salary. Post-office clerks by long practice become very familiar with the appearance of good and bad stamps. They acquire perhaps the same degree of ability in the detection of the irregularities as do clerks who handle money, but in large offices there are so many letters and the work of cancelling is of necessity so rapid that few chances are offered for detection. It is only when letters are deposited in offices where the mail receipts are small that there is any considerable danger of detection in using stamps a second time. But the use cannot be profitable; packages or heavy-weight letters having sufficiently large postage stamps on them to justify their cleansing for a second use are subject to a somewhat rigid inspection and fraud can be detected. As I said, however, the use of smaller stamps a second time is large enough to make quite a hole in the department funds."

PRISON PETS.

There are numerous instances on record of persons in "durance vile" making pets of the most unlikely animals, nay, even reptiles and flowers. The instances considered noteworthy have been generally those of persons of rank. In reality, the passion is not more to be wondered at in the Count Picciola, of schoolbook notoriety, who gained over the good-feeling of his keeper to respect the pot flower which had sprung up between the stones of the prison yard, than is a similar feeling exhibited by the deepest-dyed criminal of the common jail. In fact, it has been noticed that the feeling, if anything, is stronger in the man of few resources. A free man, with hundreds of other matters to engage his attention, could not spare the time to turn out such marvels of the taming art as are to be found among prison pets.

Mice and sparrows are common prison pets, but what shall be said of rats as things to be desired? We can imagine the horror of the female portion of our readers who would doubtless consider pests a much more appropriate name than pets. A prisoner given to pet making will tell you the rat is almost unteachable, the most that can be taught him being attachment to the person. He cannot be trusted out of sight, but must be always carried out to work. He enjoys the warmth afforded by the tamers' body, and not being fastidious, finds this kind of life preferable to days of grubbing among prison foundations, fearful of terriers, poisons and gins—in short, he greatly prefers it to working for his living.

Ebony and mahogany curtain poles with elegant brass trimmings, only 65c—Bee Hive.

ROBBING THE MAILS.

"How often does a letter robber escape?" asked a reporter of *The Washington Post* of a post-office detective.

"That depends," was the answer. "If a postal clerk, for instance, makes a practice of rifling letters he is sure to be caught—there is nothing surer. Your periodical thief is the one who may evade apprehension for some time. He may make a big haul to-day and then stop for a month or so. Suspicion may rest upon him and he is shadowed. No evidence can be found against him, and finally the inspectors are called off to work up new cases. After everything has quieted down the thief may make another haul, and may keep the thing up for some time before he is caught.

A post-office inspector, who recently returned from a Southern city, where he has been investigating the theft of $300 from a letter in a post-office, told a reportor that he soon became convinced that this theft was committed by one of two females in the office. One of these females is a lady of a high order of intelligence, whose father left her $20,000 since. Something told him that she was the guilty party, and one day when he was alone with her he said:

"Miss ——, you know that a theft has been committed in this office. Now, you will excuse me for saying that it was committed in this room, where only you and another lady are employed. Of course you, as a perfectly honest woman, will have no objection to showing me what you have on your person—the contents of your pockets." "Why, certainly not," was the reply, and the lady at once showed him what her pockets contained, but the contents did not include money. "Have you no money about you?" he asked. "I have some in the pocket of my sacque, which hangs in a closet in the next room. I will get it. "Oh, no," replied the inspector, "you want to be completely vindicated. Let me examine the sacque," which he did, finding in it the identical bills and identical coins which he had marked and put in the decoy letter. The thief then confessed that since her father had left her $20,000 she had become seized with an uncontrollable passion for adding to that sum, and that she had been rifling letters occasionally ever since. The case will probably be compromised by her dismissal and the restitution of the stolen money.

FIFTY YEARS AT THE CASE.

Western newspapers are boasting over a printer in the employ of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who has completed half a century of a "sit" at the case. There is a printer in Erie named Michael J. Quinn, known among the craft as "Father" Quinn, who has a longer string than the Golden Gate man. Father Quinn was apprenticed when a lad to a printer in the city of Waterford, Ireland, in 1830, and after serving his apprenticeship, got a "sit" on the London *Times* and had several "fat takes" of the account of the Queen's marriage notice.

Coming to America Mr. Quinn got cases on the New York *Evening Post*, which he held for seven years. Turning his face Westward he came to Erie and served nearly twenty years on the Erie *Dispatch*. He now holds cases on the Erie *Daily Herald*, and, although almost seventy, uses his eyes without the aid of glasses. Father Quinn's years of toil present startling features in the way of figures.

For instance, assuming a fair average rate of speed, taken from its best, at 10,000 ems, and his rate of 5,000 ems at the present day, giving 7,500 ems for an average, it will be found that the enormous amount of 119,340,000 ems of matter has been set up by this compositor during the past half a century or more. In setting this it was necesary to handle over 358,020,090 pieces of metal twice over, including the distribution. It will further interest the reader to know that the type so set would weigh 187,900 pounds, or ninty-four tons, which this old man has lifted piece by piece in the specified time.

THE EAR-RING OUT OF DATE.

Women are beginning to abolish the ear-ring as one of their personal adornments, although it will take a long time to wholly banish this favorite but barbarous ornament. The recent æsthetic movement in dress, which introduced among its absurdities, some truly sensible ideas, has much to do in educating women to a better standard of taste regarding personal adornments. The most exclusively fashionable women do not now wear ear-rings in the day time, and only those with jewels or rare stones in the evening. Finally, they may be discarded altogether, and the money spent for diamonds in this direction will be invested in brooches, pendants or bracelets. Already some of the famous actresses and leaders in fashion make a point of not wearing ear-rings. They say a pretty ear is disfigured by them, and that more attention is attracted to homely ones with these attacked ornaments. There are several women in Newport, worth their millions, who own superb diamonds, but not one set in ear-rings, as they consider them a disfiguring barbarous fashion.

Be courageous and noble-minded; our own heart, and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

Horse blankets, plush and fur lap robes, largest stock and lowest prices, at the Bee Hive.

CAMPAIGN HUMORS.

Blaine will henceforth regard it as the Blackeye State.—Utica Observer.

Even vast quantities of soap didn't appear to make everything go off smoothly in Ohio. There appears to have been a good deal of friction.—Savanah News.

If the Republican majority in Ohio gets much lower, the next thing will be a letter from Blaine denying that he stumped the State.—Philad Times.

Joe Mulhattan has withdrawn his name as a candidate. Recent developments have assured him that there are other and bigger liars in the field.—New Orleans Picayune.

The way in which the Republican organs have had to reduce majorities in Ohio and increase them in West Virginia disproves the theory that figures cannot lie.—Baltimore Day.

The Phiadelphia crowd that turned out to see Gen. Logan were greatly disappointed because he did not attempt his great feat of spitting over the City Hall without grazing the roof.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gen. Butler has begun a thorough tour of the State of New York, during which he will penetrate into every nook and corner of the Empire commonwealth, allowing no section to escape a visitation of the father of the People's party. The General may not be elected even after this fine tooth-comb sort of canvass, but there can be no doubt that, after it is over, he will be able to command the position of advance agent for a circus or an Uncle Tom's Cabin company at his own terms.—Philad. Press.

DRUGGISTS

all report a rapid and steadily increasing demand for McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders. There is no secret or trick about their popularity. It is solely because people have become convinced through trial or hearing their neighbors say that they are the best and easiest to take vermifuge ever produced. Nasty, sickening, old-fashioned worm-seed syrups won't sell. People demand McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders, and won't have anything else, hence their sales are greater than all the other vermifuges combined.

Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers. Sold by J. D. Murray.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
15oct2 Philadelphia Agents.

Reports are rife that the Clearfield county company composed of J. W. McGee, Frank McMahaffey, Wm. McMhaffey, H. H. McGee and a Pittsburg gentleman have struck a rich gold lead in Colorado. Letters received state that the mines are worth $10,000,000 There is no humbug about this. The boys have struck a rich lead, but the value may be overrated. Gold hunters say that the find is immensely valuable. All the above named gentlemen are popular and well known in Clearfield county and the rich prospect before them will be rejoiced in by their many friends.

Never neglect a constipated condition of the bowels, or serious results surely follow, such as piles, impure blood and many chronic complaints. Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy.

A prosecutor against the city of Wilkesbarre for damages received by a defective sidewalk was recently awarded $350.

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COAL on hand always. 15oct3m

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"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that 'while there is life there is hope.'" They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."
Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 25, 1883
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HARRIS REMEDY CO. Mf'g CHEMISTS, 306½ N. 10th. St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $2, two months $3, three months $4

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J. H. BYRNES,
EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD WANTS A PAIR OF THE CELEBRATED

SIAMANG KID SHOES,
SHOULD HAVE A PAIR. ROCHESTER, N.Y.
THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of
MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES
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ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE
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..... SHOES, ...
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NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skillful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by pretentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on scientific medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.
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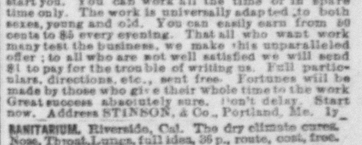
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CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

In the softly falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some trouble
Which had met me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing,
"He is creepin' up the stairs."

Ah! it touched the tend'rest heart-strings
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened,
As no wording can define.
As I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering,
Like a magpie in the trees;
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When o'er all her world's affairs,
She delighted stood a victor
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes must be captured
With a noble, earnest strife;
Onward, upward, reaching over,
Bending to the weight of cares,
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet,
By their sides may be no rail;
Hands and knees may often pain us,
And the heart may almost fail,
Still above there is the glory,
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its rest and joy forever,
After creeping up the stairs.

IN A FLASH.

When I first remember my Aunt Barbara, she was over forty years of age; but she could never have been accounted a handsome woman. She was a very tall and a very angular, with a long, thin face, the most remarkable feature of which was a Roman nose of commanding proportions. But as she had one of the kindest hearts in the world, her paucity of good looks seemed a matter of trifling moment to those who had the privilege of knowing her well. It was at my request that, some two or three years before her death, she wrote out the following narrative of an actual occurrence in her early life. I put away the manuscript at the time, and did not come across it again till the other day. On looking it over once more, it seemed to me not unworthy of being transcribed for a wider circle of readers than that comprised by the writer's immediate friends and acquaintances.

You ask me to go back in memory (begins my aunt) to what seems to me now like a period of remote antiquity, when I, Barbara Waldron, was twenty-four years of age, and my sister Bessie five years younger, and endeavor to put down in writing the little story I told you by word of mouth a few days ago.

You must know, then, that in those far-off days my sister and I were keeping house for our brother John, who at that time filled the position of steward and land-agent to Lord Dorrington. The house we lived in was a pleasant but somewhat lonely residence, about half a mile from the little country town of Leavensfield. The house suited us for several reasons. In the first place, the rent was low; in the next, a large walled garden was attached to it, in which Bessie and I spent many happy hours; and in the third place, there was a side entrance to Dorrington Park, by which my brother could take a short cut to the hall whenever he had business with his lordship, or his lordship had business with him. Our household was a small one, and besides ourselves comprised only Mary Gibbs, a middle aged woman; and niece, a girl of sixteen. John's horse and gig were looked after by a young man by the name of Reuben Gates, who did not, however, sleep on the premises. An important part of John's duties was to receive and pay into the Levensfield bank the rents due from farmers and other tenants of property held under Lord Dorrington. One such tenant was a certain Mr. Shillito, a corn and seed merchant, who was noted for his eccentricities. It was only in keeping with Mr. Shillito's aggravating way of doing business that he should never pay his rent at the time other people paid theirs; that he should always pay it in gold and notes, instead of giving a check for the amount, as he was quite in a position to have done, and that he should make a point of bringing it himself, instead of naming the time when my brother might have called upon him; and finally, that he seldom arrived with the money till after banking hours.

We come now to a certain autumn evening. Kitty had just brought in the tea-tray. It was growing dusk, almost too dusk, to see clearly without the lamp, but Bessie and I liked to economize the daylight as much as possible, especially now that the long winter nights were so close upon us. John had come in for a cup of tea. This evening he was going to drive over to Nethercroft, some ten miles away, dine there with some friends, and stay all night. After dinner there was to be a dance; and I was not without my suspicions as to the nature of the attraction which was taking him so far from home, although he laughingly poohpoohed the soft impeachment when I challenged him with it. John was in the act of putting down his cup and saucer when he heard a noise of wheels outside, which presently came to a stand opposite the house. He crossed the room and peered through the window.

"It's old Shillito, come to pay his rent," he remarked a moment later. "Two hours after banking-time, as usual. What a nuisance he is!" He went down stairs, and about ten minutes later we heard Mr. Shillito's trap start off. Ninety pounds all in gold and notes," he said. "I've had to lock it up in my desk till morning."

I may here remark that iron safes for the custody of money and other valuables were by no means so common in those days, especially in out-of-the-way country places, as they appear to have since become.

"But the money will be quite safe in your desk, won't it, John?" asked Bessie.

"Safe enough without a doubt, seeing that no one but ourselves knows of its presence there. Only, as a matter of business, should prefer to have it in the coffers or the bank." Presently he added: "The old fellow was half seas over, as he generally is; and I have no doubt, with so many houses of call by the way that he will be soaked through and through before he reaches home. I wonder whether he goes to bed sober a night in his life?"

A few minutes later John kissed us and bade us good-night. Bessie and I went to the window to see him start but by this time it was nearly dark. He waved his whip at us as soon as he had settled himself in his seat, then he gave the reins a little shake. Black Beryl's heels struck fire from the stones as she sprang forward, the gravel scrunched beneath the wheels, and a moment later the shadows of evening had swallowed up horse and gig and driver. My sister and I pulled down the blinds and drew the curtains and rang for Kitty to bring in the lamp.

The evening passed after our usual quiet fashion. We worked a little and read a little and played some half—dozen duets, and chatted between times, till the clock pointed to half-past 10, at which hour we generally retired for the night. My last duty every evening was to go the round of the house and satisfy myself that all lights were out, that the fires were safe, and that all the doors and windows were properly secured. When this duty had been duly accomplished to-night, the drawing room lamp was extinguished, and then Bessie and I took our bed-candles and marched up stairs, leaving darkness and solitude behind us. Mary Gibbs and Kitty had retired long ago.

My sister's room and mine adjoined each other, with a door of communication between, which generally stood partly open at night for the sake of companionship. The windows of both rooms looked into the garden, which ran in a wide strip along that side of the house, and was shut in by a wall some seven or eight feet high, beyond which there were three or four meadows, and then the boundry wall of Dorrington Park.

It was close on to 1 o'clock—as I found out afterward—when I awoke suddenly from a sound sleep. The instant I opened my eyes the room was illuminated by a vivid flash of lightning, and it was in all probability a peal of thunder that had broken my slumbers. Another flash followed after a brief interval, succeeded again by the deafening accompaniment. My sleep was effectually broken. I arose, flung a shawl over my shoulders, and crossing to the windows drew back the blind and peered out. As long ago as I can remember, lightning has always had a singular fascination for me. As a child I loved to gaze upon its vivid splendors, and in this respect at least years have left me unchanged. A board creaked as I crossed the floor.

"Is that you, Barbara?" asked my sister from the other room.

"Yes, dear. I am going to look out for a few minutes. Is not the lightning beautiful?"

"Very beautiful; only I wish it were anywhere rather than here," answered Bessie who at such times was just as nervous as I was the reverse.

The flashes followed at intervals of about a minute. I had witnessed three or four, when suddenly I gave a start, and an exclamation broke involuntarily from my lips. The last flash had revealed to me the figures of two men in the act of climbing over the garden wall. One of the men was a stranger to me; but the other, instantaneous as was the revelation, I recognized the somewhat peculiar face and figure of a man named Dethel, whom my brother had employed temporarily during the last week or two in the garden, our regular man being laid up with rheumatism at the time. There was something in the looks of the man in question which had set me against him from the first; but if we were all to be judged by our looks alone, what would become of us? For aught I knew to the contrary, Dethel might be an honest, hard working fellow, with a wife and children dependent upon him; but for all that, on the days he was working for us, I carefully refrained from going into the garden.

And now, here was this man, and another with him, effecting a surreptitious entry of the premises at 1 o'clock in the morning! Such a proceeding could have but one end in view. Two questions at once put themselves to me. Firstly, were these men aware that my brother was from home for the night, and that only three helpless women and a girl were left in the house? Secondly, had they by some means become cognizant of the fact that a few hours previously Mr. Shillito had paid my brother a considerable sum of money, which must necessarily still be somewhere on the premises? In my mind there was little doubt that both these facts were fully known to the men. My brother's movements were as open as the day, and Dethel had doubtless ascertained from Reuben, the groom, that his master would be from home on this particular night; while as for Mr. Shillito, everybody knew how he talked in his loud-voiced way about his most private affairs when he had taken more to drink than was good for him. At the bar of more than one tavern that evening, every one who might chance to be within hearing would not fail to be informed that Mr. Shillito had just paid John Waldron his half year's rent.

These thoughts flashed through my mind almost as quickly as that flash which revealed so much. Breathlessly I waited for the next flash. It came, shattering the darkness for an instant, and then it, too, was swallowed up. The men were no longer visible. Between the two flashes they had time to drop on the inner side of the wall, where the thick clumps of evergreens which clothed that part of the grounds would effectually screen them from view. At that very moment they were doubtless making their way stealthily toward the house. What was to be done? Never had I realized so fully as that moment how helpless a creature a woman is. Drawing my shawl more closely around me and putting on a pair of list slippers which I wore about the house in cold weather, I crept noiselessly out of the room. At the top of the stairs I halted and listened; but all was silence the most profound. The corridor out of which the bedroom opened was lighted at the opposite end by a high narrow window which looked into the garden. To this window I now made my way, and there, with one ear pressed to the cold glass I stood and listened. Presently I heard the faint sound of footsteps, and then the subdued voices of two people talking to each other. Directly under the place where I was standing was the back drawing-room, which opened on the garden by means of a French window; and although this window was secured at night by shutters, I had an idea that the security in question was more fancied than real, and was of a kind that would be laughed to scorn by any burglar who was acquainted with his business. If the men had made up their minds to break into the house—and with what other object could they be there?—the probability was that they would make the attempt by the way of the French window. Even while this thought was passing through my mind the voices of the men sank to a whisper, and a low, peculiar grating sound made itself heard. Evidently they had already begun to force the fastenings of the window. I crept back to my room, feeling utterly dazzled and helpless.

"Is that you, Barbara?" Where have you been?" asked my sister.

Going into her room, I sat down on the side of the bed and told her everything in as few words as possible. She was of a somewhat timid and nervous disposition, and my news visibly affected her. She sat up in bed, trembling and clinging to my arm.

"Perhaps," she whispered, "if we lock our bed-room doors and keep very quiet, they will go away without coming near us."

"Why, you goose it is not us they have come after, but Mr. Shillito's ninety pounds," I answered.

"And there's poor mamma's silver tea service down stairs; I hope they won't find that," said Bessie.

I hoped so, too, but there was no judging how much Dethel had contrived to ascertain respecting us and our affairs. I went to the corrider window again and listened. The noise made by the men was now plainly distinguishable. It seemed as if they were trying to file or cut their way through some obstruction. After listening for a few moments, I went back to my room and began almost mechanically to put on a few articles of clothing, asking myself again and again as I did so whether it was not possible to do something—though what that something ought to be I knew no more than the man in the moon. The nearest house was a quarter of a mile away; and even if I could have stolen out unnoticed by way of the front door, before I could have reached the farm and brought back help the burglars would have effected their purpose and decamped. Our pecuniary means at that time were very straitened. For some time back John had been paying off some old family debts; and the loss of the ninety pounds—which as a matter of course, he would feel bound to make good—would be a great blow to him. If I could only have got at the money, and have hidden it where the burglars would not be likely to find it, I felt that I should have accomplished something. But the bag was locked up in John's strong mahogany desk, and was as utterly beyond my reach as if it had been in the coffers of the Bank of England, while yet it could hardly have been placed more conveniently ready to the hands of the thieves. To them a strong mahogany desk would seem a trifling obstacle indeed.

All this time, metaphorically speaking, I was wringing my hands, knowing full well how precious were the fast-flecting moments, but only feeling my helplessness the more I strove to discern some loop-hole of escape. Oh, the wretchedness of a feeling! I hope never to experience it again in the same degree as I experienced it that night.

The lightning if not quite as vivid as it had been a little while previously, still came in as frequent flashes, and by its light my sister and I made a hurried toilet. Our house stood a little way back from the high-road, from which it was divided by a tiny lawn and a low screen of evergreens. Once or twice in the course of the night one of the mounted constabulary would ride slowly past as he went his rounds; but I was without any knowledge as to the particular time, when he might be expected, or whether, in fact, the time at which he might be looked for at any specified point did vary from night to night. Still, there was just a possibility that he might put in an appearance at any moment; so I stationed Bessie at the window to keep a lookout for him, and be in readiness to raise an alarm the moment she heard the tramp of his horse's hoofs. For once in a way the lighning was something to be thanked for; each flash lightning up the high-road for a considerable distance on both sides of the house.

When this was done, it seemed as if everything possible had been done; and yet it was next to nothing. With both hands pressed to my eyes, I stood thinking as I seemed never to have thought before. Then it was that—as sudden, swift and startling as one of those flashes which were momently illuminating the outer world—an idea shot through my brain which, for an instant or two, seemed to cause my heart to stand still. And yet, at the first blush it was an idea that had about it something so preposterous, so ludicrous, even, that had the need been at all less imminent. I should have discarded it at once as little better than the inspiration of a mad woman. But, preposterous as the idea might seem, for the life of me I could think of no other, and every minute now was invaluable. There was no time for hesitation. I must discard it or adopt it, and that without a moment's delay. "I will try it; it can but fail," I said to myself, with an inward groan.

On the toilet-table was a jar of white tooth-powder, which had been replenished the previous day. I shook out a quantity of this powder, shut my eyes, and proceeded to rub it thickly over my face, arm and hands. That done, I drew the white coverlet off the bed, and draped myself with it loosely from head to foot; then I unbound my hair, which in those days was ebon black and reached below my waist, and shook it round my face and over my shoulders in "most admired disorder." I was now ready for the role I had made my mind to enact.

Bessie has told me since that she thought I had taken leave of my senses. Just at the moment my toilet was completed, and as I turned and advanced toward her, another long, quivering flash lighted up the room. A low shriek burst involuntarily from my sister's lips, and she shrank away from me as though I was something altogether uncanny.

"O Barbara, dear, what is the matter?" she cried. "Why do you frighten me so?"

"It is not you I want to frighten, but the men down stairs," I replied. Then in a few hurried words, I told her my plan.

She would have tried to dissuade me; but there was no time to listen. Leaving her there watching by the window, ready to raise an alarm in case the mounted constable should pass on his round, I stole swiftly and noiselessly down the carpeted staircase, and only paused when I reached the corrider below. I could hear a subdued murmur of voices, and a moment later I was startled by the noise of falling glass. The burglars had succeeded in effecting an entrance. They and I were separated only by the drawing-room door, which, although locked, was an obstacle that very few minutes would suffice to overcome With an indrawing of my breath I sped quickly past the door along the length of the corridor until I reached the opposite end, where there were two more doors, one of them being that of my brother's office, which also was locked, and from the lock of which I now withdrew the key. I have omitted to state that the window of John's office was secured by two stout bars, which was probably one reason why the thieves had chosen to effect an entrance at a point more readily adapted for their purpose. The second door at the end of the corridor shut off a short passage leading to the kitchen. This door I succeeded in opening without noise. I had decided to take my stand a little way on the inner side of it, and there await the course of events. By this time the men were busily at work forcing the lock of the drawing-room door. A thin thread of light which shone from under, showed that although the lightning was still as frequent as before, they did not find it sufficient for their purpose.

Scarcely breathing, I waited. I was too excited, too wrought up, the tension of my nerves was too extreme to allow of any personal fear. It was all terribly real, yet with a strange vague sense of unreality underlying it, I felt as if I should not have been surprised had I woke up and found the whole affair resolve itself into a dream, while yet fully assured in my mind that it was nothing of the kind. Suddenly the noise at the door ceased; the lock had been forced. The thread of light disappeared; for a few moments all was silence, and the most profound. Then arose a faint creaking, which at any other time would have beeninaudible, that told me that the drawing-room door was being opened and that the crucial moment had come. I pressed one hand over my heart, and for a few brief seconds an almost overpowering longing seized me to get back to my roomatany cost and lock myself within. But it was to late; by this time the men were in the corridor. I knew it, although I could not see them.

"Where's the door we want?" I heard one whisper to the other.

"On the right—the first door we come to."

As they advanced a step, I did the same.

"What noise was that?" asked one of them quickly.

"Don't be a fool there was no noise."

"I tell you there was. Where's the glim."

But the lightning was quicker than the bull's eye. It came, smiting the darkness and flooding the corrider with the blinding intensity of its glare. Then I saw the men and the men saw me, but the darkness had hidden us from each other again before they had time to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them.

One of them gave a gasp and whispered to his master: "What was that tall white thing at the end of the passage? Seemed to me like a ghost."

"Ghost be dashed? There ain't no such things—here's the glim. We'll soon see what it is." As he spoke, the light of his bull's eye was turned full upon me.

I advanced a couple of paces, and the men fell back in speechless surprise and terror. I have often tried since to picture to myself the appearance I must have presented when seen at such a moment and by what uncertain light, with my ghastly death-like face, my dilated eyes, my black, snake-like locks, my tall figure all in white, and with one extended arm and finger pointed direct at the men. I cannot wonder at their fright.

At this juncture came another flash, and a terrible peal of thunder startled the air and shook the house. At the very instant, impelled thereto by something within me that I was powerless to control, I burst into a wild peal of maniacal, blood-curdling laughter. One step nearer I advanced; but that was enough. With a loud yell of terror, the men turned and fled by the way they had come. I heard a crash of shattered glass; and after that I remember nothing more till I came to my senses to find Bessie supporting my head and pressing her smelling-salts to my nose.

But John's ninety pounds were saved, and it is hardly necessary to add that Dethel, the ex-gardener, was never seen in those parts again.

A King's Cradle.

Near the scepter and purple robes was the cradle of the King of Rome, weighing one quarter of a ton. The material was said to be silver-gilt. At the head hovered the figure of an angel holding aloft a metal wreath, from which depended the rich silk draperies that could be made to completely envelop the cradle, or be drawn aside and looped back behind the angel figure. I suppose the imperial babies developed as much fretfulness in this satin-lined cradle as do the neglected infants of modern Palestine in their hard stone mangers.

The Mystery of Flowers.

The name of the Peony is derived from Peon, a celebrated Greek physician, who taught the Greeks that this pretty flower was of divine origin, emanating from the light of the moon, and a valuable cure, therefore, for epilepsy, which was supposed to be a moonstruck malady. The peony was thought to have power over the winds, to protect the harvest from storms, and to avert tempests.

The floral kingdom furnishes plants which flower unfailingly on certain days, and superstition has seized on this fact and associated some with the qualities of great persons who happened to be born on the day they plant flowers. The cyclamen opens in Southern Europe on St. Romoald's day, and is dedicated to this romantic recluse, who abandoned a noble career for a monastery, because he witnessed his father kill a kinsman in a duel. The rose bay willow herb the French called St. Anthony's fires, because of its brilliant red hue, and its having appeared first in the eleventh century, when the plague of erysipelas was raging, and according to it the power of intercession with disease which its patron, St. Anthony, was believed to possess.

The early Christians, attracted to some flowers by their peculiar beauty, gathered a number of these into a herbarium and dedicated them to the Virgin Mary. Among these are the snowdrop, the lily of the valley, white daffodil, white rose, white hyacinth and white clematis, lady's-finger, lady's slipper, lady's glove, marigold, lady's mantle etc., to all of which superstition attaches qualities of purity and goodness, and conferred these upon the wearer of any of these symbolical flowers. The common hollyhock in a corruption of holy oak, and is reverenced in parts of rural England, where tradition percolates through centuries, because crusaders brought it from the Holy Land. The modest, shrinking blue bell is, despite these most opposite qualities, a plant of war in the superstitious belief of the same people. It is dedicated to St. George, their patron saint.

By the French the white variety of this plant is, in curious contrast, associated with the peaceful character of a nun, and is called *la religieuse des champs*. The familiar line, Balm of Gilead," is the name of a plant whose nearest summer relation is our acacia. In the earliest ages it was celebrated by Pliny, Strabo, Tacitus and Justin, not alone for its medical qualities, but the lofty spirit and dignity its meaning was supposed to increase. The Queen of Sheba brought it to King Solomon, and Cleopatra planted one species of it near Matara. which ripened into a shrub celebrated by travelers for ages afterward. The Eastern Christians believed the plant would grow only under the care of a Christian gardener, and that were the bark incised by any instrument of metal the flow of balsam would be corrupt.

Under their fostering care the plant grew as large as a fir-tree, and such was the respect that it exerted that when Christianity spread into European courts the balm of Gilead came to be mingled in the oil used at the coronation of monarchs. The Coptic Christians had a tradition that when the Holy Family were leaving Egypt to return to Judea, they stopped to rest at Matara, and went from house to house begging a cup of water and were everywhere refused. Faint with thirst and sorrow the Virgin Mary sat down under a Balm of Gilead tree, and immediately a fountain sprang up beside her, and the tree rustled its leaves and fanned a gentle breeze as the Mother and Child drank of the water and rested.

How to make a Ghost.

The phenomena of optical illusions have been made use of to a considerable extent upon the stage within the last few years. One of the most curious exhibitions of this sort is known as "Pepper's Ghost," which takes its name from Mr. Pepper, an English physicist, who first conjured up the spook, and to whom the original invention and manufacture of a real spectre must be attributed. The ghost in question is no "materialized" spirit, but, although one sees it walk upon the stage and act its part, is of so immaterial a constitution that the individual whom it comes to haunt cleaves it with his sword as if it were so much empty air, and actually walks through the spectre. When this marvel was first exhibited in London the public flocked to see it and great was the wonder thereat. The mystery is, however, easily explained.

Every one has observed that a pane of window glass, though transparent, reflect the rays of light to a certain extent, so that while admitting light from the street it returns also a faint image of objects in the room. If it is dark outside the reflection is more distinct. When this is understood the explanation of the trick is very simple. The actors on the stage are seen through a large plate of transparent glass, placed in an inclined position and leaning toward the audience at an angle of forty-five degrees. The transparency of the glass prevents the spectators in the dim light from perceiving it. Beneath the stage, out of sight, and facing a large mirror inclined parallel with the plate of glass above, is the real figure of which the ghost is the "eidolon" or image. Upon this figure, out of sight of the audience, is thrown the vivid glare of an oxy-hydrogen lime-light. When this light is turned on, the illuminated figure is reflected in the mirror, and from the mirror a bright image of the object is cast upon the glass plate facing the audience.

To the audience, however, this image does not appear as if thrown on the glass, but as if standing some distance back on the stage, just as the reflection of objects seen in a windowpane seems projected out into the street. Thus the reflection of a sheet-clad figure below the stage may be made to walk the boards a very realistic spectre.

Sparrows.

The English sparrows was made the subject of a committee report at a meeting of the Ornithologists Union in New York recently, and recommendations looking to the extermination of the aggressive little bird were adopted.

A Modern Highwayman.

The railroads are the great highways of the present day. The highwayman, who has long left the slower thoroughfares, now appears as the porter of palace cars. As you pass the ticket gate and come alongside the long line of cars standing engineless, waiting for passengers, you will notice the porter waiting at the steps of the Pullman or Wagner, and as the crowd passes him he reiterates the words:

"Chicago sleeper, sir?"

These words are varied according to the train. It may be Rochester sleeper or Buffalo sleeper, or St. Louis sleeper. He never says "sleeping car." If you are tired and want to get to bed soon, you say to the highwayman:

"I wish you would make up my berth as soon as possible."

"Which is your berth, sir?"

"Lower three on the Venezuela."

"Very sorry, sir; but three ladies, a sick gentleman and a couple of young men are ahead of you, sir."

As you turn away he says:

"I'll see what I can do for you, sir. I'll do my best sir."

Later he comes to you and says in a confidential manner—a sort of husky whisper:

"I've managed so as to get your berth made up second, sir. Lower three, I think you said, sir. I always like to oblige an old patron of the road, sir."

This latter phrase is a delicate bit of flattery. He wants you to think that he recognizes you as an old hand. When the train starts it is a busy time for the porter, and he works in rather straitened quarters very deftly. People pass and repass him in the narrow aisle, but his politeness never varies. A dozen are at him to get their berths made up, and with great tact he satisfies them all. His method of working is worth attention. He places the inevitable valise under the seat and draws the seats over it, making a bed of the lower berth. Then he lets down the upper shelf and takes out the end boards and fits them into place, fastening down the upper shelf so that by no possibility can the lower tenant push it up if he is the only occupant of the section. It would never do to let the lower tenant have so much space for his two dollars. He takes out a mattress and spreads it over the lower seat. He goes to the cupboard with a mirror for its door and takes some clean white pillow-slips and a couple of sheets therefrom, and holding the slip in his teeth slips the pillow inside. The manner in which he spreads sheets and quilts on the bed is most admirable. The space is very limited and he, with a peculiar and indescribable jerk, lands the sheet just where it belongs. He then turns down the sheet and coverlet in a kind of triangular manner, pulls down the window blinds, flings the hooks of the long curtains over the brass rod at the top, tucks the corners in and then: "Lower three is ready, sir."

The quickness with which a car full of berths is made up by a porter who understands his business is something marvelous. In the dim watches of the night as you sleeplessly toss on the hard mattress, while the snore of the fat man rises sonorously from lower 4, when the jerk of the train's stoppage at some midnight station wakens you from the half rumbling semi-conscious state into which you have fallen you hear at the end of the car a steady "swish swish." This is the lonely porter's midnight solo on your shoes, the one tangible hook on which he bases his claim for robbing you in the morning.

To try to escape the porter's levy of 25 cents is a practical impossibility. Men have boasted that they had the courage to do so, but no properly authenticated case has ever come to light. It requires an amount of bravery that the average American is not possessed of, let him boast as he may. The highwayman's weapon is not a sword or a pistol, but a little apparently innocuous broom—a clothes broom. He calls you up to the captain's office to settle in the following manner:

"Brush you off, sir?"

"Thank you, I brushed myself off a moment ago."

"There's a lot of dust on the back of your coat yet, sir."

If you still demur he takes your hat and gives it a most vigorous dusting off, gradually leading you off into the dread ante-chamber. Then he lays on Macduff. He dusts you off with energy and precision. He puffs and pants over it and exerts himself very visibly. Then he stands expectant and draws his hand across his heated brow as if he rarely encountered so rough a job. It's seldom that a man is so hardened as to pass that stage without his hand automatically seeking the quarter that lies dormant in his pants pocket, but grant for the sake of argument that there is a man who could calmly say, "Thank you," and take his crimson seat in the car again. The next stage is after this fashion: The porter walks up and down the aisle and stops before you, saying:

"Did I brush you off, sir?"

"You did."

"Ahem. I hope you are satisfied, sir."

"Perfectly satisfied."

A pause.

"I'm glad you're satisfied, sir."

Another pause, during which you feel that the eyes of all the passengers are on you and that you are becoming unpleasantly conspicuous.

"Were your boots blacked to suit you, sir?"

"They were well blackened."

"You see, some likes one kind of blacking and some another. I generally give satisfaction, sir; I never see no "gentlemen" complain."

If you make no move at this, the final catastrophe occurs. The highwayman drops all politeness as thrown away on such a boor, thrusts his hand before you while he holds the whisk under his left arm, and demands:

"Porter, please."

Then he gets his quarter.

British Empire.

The British empire's area is 8,500,000 square miles, but there is in indirect domination over enough more to make the total 10,000,000—one-fifth of the land surface of the globe. Of the total population only one-seventh are Christians.

FRUIT AT BREAKFAST.—Custom sanctions the use of fruit at breakfast, and physicians are recommending green apple sauce, as being cooling and laxative. However this may be; any one who has followed the custom of having fresh fruit at breakfast will speak heartily of its excellent effects. A nice way to serve strawberries, if large and perfectly fresh, is to put them on individual dishes, leaving the hulls on, then they may be held by these and dipped into powdered sugar, which should also be put in tiny bowls, one at each plate. If oranges are served in the morning cut them into very small pieces and scatter sugar over them. This way will be appreciated by every one, for the most graceful woman may appear awkward when eating an orange, or when attempting to cut it with a teaspoon.

Catholic College,

Mr. J. D. Kingsley, Sec'y, Holy Cross College Gymnasium, Worcester, Mass., writes: Every member of our club frankly admits that St. Jacob's Oil, the conqueror of pain, is the best cure they have ever used, and all speak of it in terms of the highest approbation. 50 cents a bottle.

BOILED APPLE DUMPLINGS, — One pound of flour, half a pound of suet, half a teaspoon of salt; chop the suet in some flour to keep it from caking; chop very fine; add flour and mix thoroughly; then add cold water enough to make a paste and roll as thin as pie-crust. A biscuit crust or a potato crust can be used for the dumplings; the potato crust, if properly made, is excellent; it must be rolled rather thicker than ordinary paste. Pare eight large apples, quarter and core them, keeping each apple by itself; place the quarters together again and cut the paste in a square to cover the apples, wrap each apple loosely in a square cloth and tie closely. Boil one hour. Serve immediately with rich wine sauce. To bake dumplings put them in a buttered pan, lay the folded side down; bake three-quarters of an hour.

☞DO IT AT ONCE.—For 10 cents get a package of Diamond Dyes at the druggist's. They color anything the finest and most desirable colors. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

PIGEONS WITH BREAD SAUCE.—Split the pigeons at the back, season, roll them in melted butter and bread crumbs, and broil, basting them with butter. Roll a pint of dry bread crumbs and pass one-half of them through a sieve, put one onion in a pint of milk; boil the milk, take out the onion and thicken the milk with one-half of the sifted crumbs, take from the fire and stir in some butter, a little grated nutmeg, pepper and salt. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and, when boiling throw in the other half of the bread crumbs, stir them over till brown, season with a little cayenne and salt, place the fried bread crumbs on a hot platter, lay the pigeons on the crumbs, pour the sauce over the pigeons, garnish the dish with water cresses.

Carbo-lines.

The gray and bald no more shall grieve,
The signs of coming age,
For Carboline can both retrieve
And fullest griefs assuage.

LIQUID GLUE.—To one ounce of borax, in a pint of boiling water, add two ounces of shellac, and boil till the shellac is dissolved. Another: Dissolve eight ounces of the best glue in half a pint of water; that being done, add slowly, and keep stirring, two and one-half ounces of strong aquafortis; keep well corked, ready for use. Another; A useful glue for fastening papers together, only by being wetted by the tongue, is made as follows: Dissolve one pound of glue or gelatine in water, and half a pound of brown sugar, and boil them together. Make into cakes by pouring into shapes. It becomes solid when cold.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated-Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

RIBBON CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour into which has been sifted two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk and four eggs. Divide into three parts. To one part add one cup of raisins and one cup of currants. Spice to taste and bake. Then put the part with the fruit in between the other two, spreading a very thin layer of jelly between. Frosting may be added if desired. Frosting—One teaspoonful of gelatine soaked one hour in one tablespoonful of cold water, then add one tablespoonful of hot water and one cup of powdered sugar. Stir until smooth, spread on the cake and set away to harden. Do not put it in the oven.

Mothers

If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

FRUIT GLACE.—Boil together for half an hour one cup of granulated sugar to one of water; dip the point of a skewer in the syrup, after it has been boiling the given time, then into water. If the thread formed breaks off brittle the syrup is done. Have oranges pared and divided into eighths, and perfectly dry; pour a part of the hot syrup into a cup and set in boiling water; take the oranges on the point of a long needle or skewer, dip them in syrup, place lightly on a buttered dish. Grapes, cherries, walnuts or any small fruit may be made into tempting dishes in this way.

TUTTI FRUTTI ICE CREAM.—One pint of milk, one quart of cream, yolks of five eggs beaten light with sugar, three cups of sugar, one lemon, juice and grated rind, one glass of white sherry or not, and one half pound of candied fruits chopped. Make a soft custard by boiling of eggs, milk and sugar; when cold beat in the cream and partly freeze before stirring in the fruit, cherries, limes, apricots or peaches. Now add lemon; cover and freeze hard.

INNUMERABLE new theatrical companies are taking the road, chock full to the muzzle with stage-struck amateurs. About November, when a commercial man seats himself at an interior town's table, and hears a deep, sepulchral voice at his elbow say, "Beefsteak-mutton-chops-pork-fried-liver-and-bacon-we have-no-eggs-tea-or-coffee!" he will know that he is being addressed by the heavy tragedian. So, also, when the chambermaid makes him a stately bow, and in a voice of subdued intensity states that she will investigate if more blankets cannot be procured for his bed, he will understand where the "star" of the "Great Sorefoot Dramatic Aggregation" is wintering.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

MAMMA.—"It is very wrong in you, Johnnie, to quarrel in this way."

Johnnie, (who has just had a fight with his brother Tom.)—"Well, I got mad, and had to do something."

Mamma.—"But you should not let your temper carry you away in that manner. I will tell you a good rule: When you are angry always count twenty before you strike."

Tommy, (the victor in the recent unpleasantness.)—"Yes, and he'd better count forty before he strikes a fellow that can lick him."

BOTH the Mason & Hamlin organs and pianos excel chiefly in that which is the chief excellence in any musical instrument, *quality of tone*. Other things, though important, are much less so than this. An instrument with unmusical tones cannot be a good musical instrument. Yet all are not good judges of such a matter. An inferior quality of tone will often please the uncultivated ear best, at first; though time and use will reveal the superiority of really good tone. Hence in selecting an organ it is safer to choose one from a maker whose reputation is thoroughly established, and whose productions are acknowledged to have superlative excellence, especially in this chief thing.—*Boston Journal.*

"HAVE you any good reason why you won't believe the witness?" asked the justice.

"Yes, sir."

"Isn't he honest in money matters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Doesn't he pay his bills and keep his promises?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what is it?"

"He's a fisherman."

A Quick Recovery.

It gives us great pleasure to state that the merchant who was reported being at the point of death from an attack of pneumonia, has entirely recovered by the use of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. Naturally he feels grateful for the benefits derived from using this remedy, for the lungs and throat; and in giving publicity to this statement we are actuated by motives of public benefaction, trusting that others may be benefited in a similar manner.

"MOTHER," said Mamie, "I'll put off calling on Miss Vosser until after supper."

"Why, darling?"

"Why then, you see, her brother Frank will be home, and I'll have him take me to the ice cream saloon and also bring me home."

AN Indiana girl was swinging in a hammock when a man passed her on horse-back, with a gun on the pommel of his saddle. The horse stumbled and jarred the gun. It went off and hit the girl in the hammock. Her mother was not hurt. She was in the kitchen washing dishes.

When You Feel Blue

and your back aches, and your head feels heavy, and you wake unrefreshed in the morning and your bowels are sluggish or costive, you need Kidney-Wort. It is nature's great remedy, and never fails to relieve all cases of Diseased Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Malaria, Piles, Rheumatism, etc. It operates simultaneously on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, strengthening them and restoring healthy action. Put up in both dry and liquid form. Sold by all druggists.

THINGS one would rather have left unsaid. Oh, how d'ye do, Sir Bruin? And so you're leaving England for good, and we shall never see you again!" "Nothing of the kind! Who says so?" "Oh, I saw it in one of the papers. But the papers don't always tell the truth, I'm sorry to say!"

"PAPA, why did Washington cut down the cherry tree?" said a six-year-old son. "I will answer your question by asking you one. Why did you break that pane of glass this morning?" Er—er, because er—er" "Well my son, that's just the reason George gave his father.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 20 and 50c.

"BROWN is the most quarrelsome man in the world. He drinks hard and is always in debt."

"I know it."

"And yet he is your friend?"

"Yes, we never had a disagreement since I knew him."

"How have you managed it?"

"He has no necessity to quarrel with me. I never lend him any money."

MISS W. (from Boston)—"Why, Ella, how delightful! Here is a complete set of Moliere. Ella—"Molly Eyre?" Miss W.—"Yes, I never supposed you cared for that sort of reading. Ella—"Indeed I do; I just dote on her!"

LITTLE George was questioned the other day about his sister's beau.

"How old is he?"

"I don't know."

"Well, is he young?"

"I think so, for he hasn't any hair on his head."

A LITTLE girl was reproved for playing with boys, and was told that being seven years old she was too big for that now. "Why, Grandma," she replied, "the bigger we grow the better we like 'em."

PINEAPPLE ICE CREAM.—One quart of cream, one pound of powdered sugar. Slice the pineapple thin, scattering plentifully with sugar; let stand for three hours to extract all the juice. Chop fine and strain through a course lace bag. Beat syrup into cream and freeze quickly. Peach ice cream may be made in the same manner, leaving in portions of the crushed fruit.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

Shakespeare tells how this can be accomplished in one of his immortal plays; but debts to nature must be paid on demand unless days of grace be obtained through the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is not a "cure-all" but invaluable for sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, consumption, and all diseases of the pulmonary and other organs, caused by scrofula or "bad blood." Scrofulous ulcers, swellings and tumors are cured by its wonderful alterative action. By druggists.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—Said to have been a favorite with General Washington. One quart of milk, and one ounce of butter, heated together. When lukewarm add two pounds of flour, a cent's worth of yeast, three eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, and put in pans over night. Bake three-fourths of an hour in the morning.

Don't Wear Cumbersome Trusses

when our new method without use of knife, is guaranteed to permanently cure the worst cases of rupture. Send two letter stamps for references and pamphlet. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A DREAM CAKE.—Make a rich batter, and bake it in three layers. The layers should be frosted with confectioner's sugar and the white of eggs. The frosting for the first layer should be flavored with lemon, for the next layer with vanilla, and the top layer should be flavored with a few drops of rose water, and thickly covered with cocoanut.

Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed combines French Brandy, Jamaica Ginger, Smart-Weed and Camphor Water, the best possible agents for the cure of diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery or bloody-flux and colic, or to break up colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one and one half cups of sugar, two cups of flour or only a little more, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, a little salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. This makes two cakes.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two eggs, a little more than one half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one half teaspoonful of soda (scant) in four tablespoonfuls of water.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

IN CHOLERA TIMES.—Keep away from policy shops, fortune-tellers, cheap saloons and political gatherings. Quit stealing, lying and slandering. If you owe any debts pay them up, and use plenty of lime in sinks and drains.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

WHEN a Brazilian gentleman introduces a friend he always adds after the formula of introduction: "If he steals anything I am responsible for it." What fun there would be if that custom were introduced into this country.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

A YOUNGSTER, while warming his hands over the kitchen fire, was remonstrated with by his father who said: "Go away from the stove, the weather is not cold." The little fellow, looking up demurely at the stern parent, replied: "I ain't heating the weather, I'm warming my hands."

LITTLE Benny was looking out of the window the other day when a man went by with a saw-horse over his shoulder.

"What do you call that?" he queried. He was given the information he desired, with the question: "Did you never see one before?" "Oh yes," was the reply, "I saw a man put a log of wood across one the other day, and then he fiddled it."

THE woman who made a pound of butter out of the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness has since washed the close of a year.

Recent evidence seems to indicate that under certain conditions, vegetable matter may be converted into coal in a much less period than many geologists have believed to be necessary. At least an approach to such conversion has been discovered in some of the mines of the Uppet Hartz, in Germany, where some of the timbers originally used as supports have been transformed into what appears to be a genuine lignite, brown coal. The time occupied by the process cannot, it is believed, have extended beyond four centuries—a very brief period compared with that usually assigned to coal formations.

The most cleanly dressing for a burn or scald is to saturate a soft piece of fabric with alcohol, lay it over the burn, then cover it with cotton or finely picked oakum. It may be thought, that alcohol applied to a burn will produce more pain; but try it, and you will be agreeably surprised to observe how quickly it will allay the pain. Subsequently disturb the dressing as little as possible; wet the dressing occasionally with alcohol, and the result you will find better than by any other method.

SET asparagus plants about October 1, in rich loam soil that has been plowed and manured several times within a few months or week, and so made fine or fertile. Rows four feet apart, and plants two feet apart in the rows are near enough; so planted the best results are secured.

FARMERS have not as cordially devoted themselves to the success of annual fairs as their importance demands. The local annual fair is the farmer's home school, and should teach a valuable, practical lesson. The fair should be expected to bring together the best evidence of the advancement of agriculture in its district. If the farmers in the district represented by the annual fair, entered into it as a matter of personal interest, competing whenever an opportunity offered, offering prizes in all those departments most requiring improvement, stimulating a lively rivalry, such enthusiasm would produce most unexpected progress, and soon give the fair a wide reputation. Every prize offered should be for the illustration of some important point in agricultural practice, and as the feeding of live stock absorbs more of the capital and time of the farmer than any other specialty, so it should occupy a very prominent position at all our local fairs, and the prize should be given to illustrate in a practical way all the live stock specialities. All breeds of cattle should be encouraged alike, for each breed has special qualifications adapting it to certain localities. All matters in farm practice should be illustrated at our fairs, and every farmer should regard it as his duty to assist in building up these local fairs.

FARMERS in England are taking to beet growing. In Norfolk they have undertaken to grow this season at least 800 acres of sugar beet from selected seed, and on the faith of this an association has been formed, which, long before the beet is ready, will have $100,000 worth of plant on the ground ready to make sugar as fast as the roots come in. The farmer will get $5 a ton for the white beet delivered at the works, and as he can grow from fifteen to twenty tons to the acre, he will, after allowing for heavy manuring, and all costs of land, labor, seed and transport, be able to reckon, even in an indifferent season, upon a return of at least $15 an acre.

IT was formerly believed that potatoes should not be dug before cold weather but since they have been subject to the rot many have found by experience that it is quite as well to dig them and put them in a cool place as they are ripe, whatever may be the weather. This gives a chance to clear the ground of early potatoes in time to get a crop of early German sweet turnips and sometimes a crop of cabbage.

ONE bushel of ashes represent about two and a half tons of dry body wood. Wood ashes contain all the required elements of plant nutrition except nitrogen. One hundred pounds of wood ashes contain 16 pounds of potash, worth 80 cents; 3½ pounds of soda, worth 2 cents; 67 pounds of lime and magnesia, worth 8 cents, and 5½ pounds of phosphoric acid, worth 26 cents. If we had to buy in the market in the cheapest form the manurial materials contained in 100 pounds of ashes the cost would be $1.16.

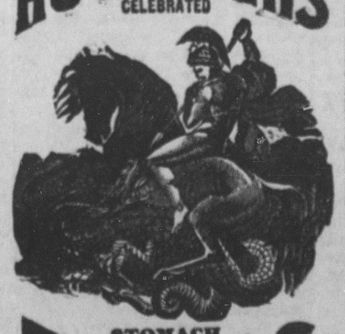
THE old practice of washing sheep before shearing has fallen into disuse among the most progressive farmers. It does not pay. Aside from the colds, rheumatisms and other inconveniences incurred by men and animals, the wool is not increased in market value enough to justify the time and labor expended. If the fleeces are filled with burrs and rubbish the washing they get on the sheep's back will not help them any. Better keep the sheep reasonably clean, and let the manufacturers do the washing.

AN experienced sheep-raiser says that a good way to control a flock of sheep is to take a ewe lamb to the house and make a pet of it. Use nothing but kindness, and give it a name, teaching it to come at the call. When the lamb is grown, place it in the flock and you will need only to call that one sheep, when all the others will follow. As sheep follow their leader, the training of one is the training of all, and it is saving of time and labor to do so.

AN exchange says that an enemy of the grape, in the form of a grape seed grub, has been discovered. The eggs are deposited by a small black fly upon the skin of the grape, and the young grubs work their way into the immature seeds soon after hatching. The infested fruit usually shrivels in midsummer. The best remedy for the pests is to gather and burn the affected grapes.

CHARLES DOWNING says, that a great deal of canned fruit is prepared when quite hard and unripe, which makes it look inviting, but it does not compare in quality with that which is put up ripe. Sugar when cooked with fruit renders it hard and indigestible; but the practice, now happily coming into use, of using no sugar when canning, but adding it when put upon the table, is a great improvement.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

Protection.

No such protective against chills and fever and other diseases of a malarial type exists as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It relieves constipation, liver disorders, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments with certainty and promptitude. A change, as gratifying as it is complete, soon takes place in the appearance, as well as the sensation, of the wan and haggard invalid who uses this standard promoter of health and strength.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Words of Warning and Comfort.

"If you are suffering from poor health or
'languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer
'if you are simply ailing, or if you feel
'weak and dispirited,
'without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters
'will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you.

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the
'farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel
'that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, if you are old,
'blood thin and impure, pulse
'feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties
'waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to
'give you new life, health, and vigor."

If you are costive, or dyspeptic, or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of, a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries with Malaria, Epidemic, Bilious and Intermittent Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady.

"By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe."

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS,
83 Mercer Street, New York

VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., quickly and painlessly cured by the Elastic Cradle-Compressory Sac. *Gives rating.* Circular Free. CRADLE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER, AND URINARY ORGANS, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, PAINS IN THE BACK, LOINS OR SIDE, NERVOUS DISEASES.

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified.

It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases.

It is purely vegetable, and cures when other medicines fail. Over 100 Physicians in the State of Rhode Island on record testifying in its favor and who prescribe it regularly.

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FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. **Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.** German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S.. VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints
and Weaknesses so common
******to our best******
FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion; that feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidently answered. *For sale at druggists.*

GREENBACK. $100 for every $10 you invest. Send stamp for particulars to W. FANDREN, Langston, Alabama.

40 HORSESHOE HAND BOUQUET CHROMO CARDS, 10c. C. W. BROOKS, Putney, Vt.

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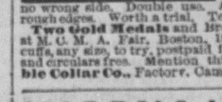

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100 STYLES **ORGANS** $22 TO $900.

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CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Sore Throat, Lumbago, Pleurisy, Coughs, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma,

Difficult Breathing.

In these cases the READY RELIEF should be applied freely over the affected parts until a burning sensation is felt, and it will be found in every case that the READY RELIEF is a quick, safe, powerful and reliable remedy. In severe cases when danger is threatened one or two doses of DR. RADWAY'S PILLS will help the READY RELIEF in effecting a cure.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the first and is the only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal Pains.

MALARIA in its Various Forms.

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

The Great Blood Purifier.

For the cure of all Chronic Diseases, Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking, Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

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Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price, $1.00 per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., OCT. 29, 1884.

TERMS —$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

An Entire New Store!

CLERKS, GOODS, FIXTURES AND ALL HAS

— BEEN ADDED THIS WEEK TO THE —

"SUPPLY DEPOT,"

FULL BEFORE. THIS MAKES AN OVERFLOW.

WE OFFER BARGAINS TO MAKE ROOM.

—A HINT TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.—

G. R. SPIGELMYER,

SPRING MILLS, PA.

INTERESTING NOTICE.

Two weeks ago our Fall Stock began to arrive, and to say that we were surprised at the way they turned out expresses it but mildly. Every where we hear words of praise and commendation. One lady from New York remarked: "I never expected to find such a store in Bellefonte." If you will be honest and candid and take a look we know that you will be astonished and have to acknowledge the same.

In Dress Trimmings, Pasamentries, Fringes, Heading Ornaments, Buttons, Buckles, &c., our line will exceed by far any of our neighbors.

Our 54-inch dollar Dress Cloth for 75 Cents beats them all. The cloths are made by first-class makers—less eminent perhaps than Lupin but in quality and wear equal any made. We have but a limited quantity left—remember 54 inches wide at 75 cents, never before offered for less than one dollar.

We would be pleased to have you call, and feel sure that you will not regret it.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Oct.*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Solve the great puzzle at the Bee Hive.

—— Vote for Greist and Wolf, and retain two good officers.

Grand fall opening, October 25, 27, 28, and 29—Bee Hive.

——J. B. Solt, with a gang of boys, is cleaning up the rubbish of the burned church.

Have you seen the 75c and $1 horse blankets at the Bee Hive?

——Vote for Sol. Peck and Jer. N. Dinges, for Auditors. They are good and competent men.

Grand fall opening, October 25, 27, 28 and 29—Bee Hive.

——James Smith has purchased a lot at the lower end of town, and is preparing material for erecting a house.

BRICK for sale—12 to 15,000—at Zerby's brick yard, Centre Hall, by J. O. Deininger. 22oc3t

——Vote for Chester Munson, for Associate Judge. He is a man of sound judgment and most excellent character.

Grand fall opening, October 25, 27, 28 and 29—Bee Hive.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

——Thursday evening, 23, ground was white with snow, and during the night ice ⅛ inch thick was formed on some troughs.

——A pair of eels found their way to this office, through the kindness of Simon Ruble, for which he has our thanks. One of them was a whopper.

——I. J. Grenoble has purchased a number of lots near the railroad station, and is making preparations to build a grain warehouse on one of them.

BOB-SLEDS, on hand and for sale cheaper than elsewhere, made of best material, same also made to order on short notice, at the shops of J. B. Ream & Son, Farmers Mills. 22oct2m

——Rev. S. E. Furst, of the Bellefonte Lutheran charge, has resigned. The members do not feel like accepting it. He has been an able and faithful pastor.

——Give Miles Walker a good vote for Sheriff. He is a working Democrat, and will make one of the best Sheriffs the county ever had. Don't go back on Miles, he always does his duty and has been a true Democrat.

—Vote for M'Clain for Register, and for Bible for Recorder, they have been good officers and now understand the work of the places they have so credibly filled. They are sober, industrious, honest and obliging.

——The Democratic ticket with Curtin's name off and that of Mr. Hall inserted, will be circulated in this county. Democrats, keep a sharp eye on these, so that the game of juggling Curtin out of votes does not succeed.

——Wherever you see a lady wearing handsome shoes, you will find she purchased them at A. C. Mingle's in the Brockerhoff house block. It will pay to go there from the furthest point of our valley for boots and shoes.

——The people of Spring Mills are protesting against changing the name of that station to Rising Spring. We don't wonder, there is a charm in the name and it sounds better than Rising Spring. Spring Mills is a name that goes far back into the early days of the valley.

——Up Salt river there are no clothing stores, and if there were, transportation is so high, that it would cost a little fortune almost to buy a suit of clothes. So take our advice and stop in at the Philad. Branch before taking the Salt river boat. Lewins aint going up and won't have a branch store there even, so look out for No. 1 before you start.

——Rain Monday and Tuesday, which was much needed to supply sisterns and wells.

If you want to save money on bed blankets and baps, go to the Bee Hive.

——Railroad excursion and jubilee at Oak Hall, on Monday, 3. Don't miss it —see particulars in another column.

Walnut curtain poles only 45 cents at the Bee Hive.

——Johnny Mullen has shipped his shoe-store and household goods to Renovo. The first flitting by rail from Centre Hall.

Grand fall opening, October 25, 27, 28 and 29—Bee Hive.

——Persons who have been habitual bolters of regular nominees should be the last ones to call supporters of Curtin bolters. Neither Patton, Curtin or Hall are regular nominees, strictly speaking.

——Wolf's new goods came on, first regular car-load over the new road. There will be a great opening at Wolf & Son's, and a lowering of prices, to celebrate the opening of our railroad at the "old stand."

——Have you seen Mingle's stock of boots and shoes in the Brockerhoff house block? if not go and see it, and after examining goods and prices you will find it just the place to purchase whatever you will need in that line. Goods guaranteed to be as represented.

——On last Thursday morning we saw the first snow-flakes for this season fluttering in the air. It was cold and raw, and that's what called out these harbingers of winter and jingling sleighbells. We are opposed to any snow over six inches in depth from this on out.

——Lewins & Co. would like to have every man in the county call and see them. They feel assured that a week's wages can be saved in the purchase of a single suit of ready made clothing, their prices being so low. Don't fail to call if you want to save money and wear a good article of clothing.

— No matter what the result of the election, people need not think clothing will go up. Lewins & Co. will keep down prices, as heretofore, and other stores will have to follow suit, though the Philad. Branch will sell by far the cheapest and best suits for men and boys.

——The public will regret to hear of the death of one of the principal citizens of Brush Valley. Mr. Peter S. Bierly, long and favorably known among us, fell asleep in the embrace of death on morning of 13th instant, after a lingering illness. He resided at the home of his childhood near Rebersburg. The Bierly family is one of the oldest families in Brush Valley. Mr. Bierly's death creates a vacancy in the family and in the community—but our loss is his gain. His age is 65 years, 2 months, 12 days.

——John A. Woodward needs no better endorsement as to his fitness for legislative work and honors than the splendid way in which his neighbors stand by him. Two years ago when he first offered himself for nomination, Howard township, the precinct in which he lives, Howard borough, which adjoins it, and the four townships of Curtin, Liberty, Marion and Boggs, bounding it on the north, east, south and west, united to give him their solid support of their delegates in convention, and in addition gave him a practically unanimous vote at the delegate election. This year they repeated the compliment, and emphasized it with a demand for his nomination so loud that the Democracy of the county was constrained to hear and heed.

——Winter threatens to set in and now is the time to prepare for it. Get your fuel, secure your cellar walls, and look around for good, warm clothing. With the sudden changes to cold, no one should be without an overcoat so as to be ready for any sudden change. An overcoat costs money it is true—but the want of one may subject you to five times the cost of it in a doctor's bill and loss of time by being laid up from a cold, and which may even bring premature death. These are solid facts to be heeded. Now an equally solid fact is that good, warm clothing can be had so low that there is no excuse for any one being without it. The Philad. Branch alone sells clothing so low that no man or boy need shiver from the cold blasts. Were it not for Lewins & Co, ready-made clothing in this part of the state would cost double the price it does now. They put down the price, and others had to follow, but none put down the prices as low as the Philad. Branch which still sells 25 per cent. below the lowest. This is the party then that deserves your patronage. Their assortment of overcoats and men's and boys' suits is unsurpassed by any store in Centre county. 3t

From an invitation card sent us to be present, we observe that this evening will be a happy one in the mansion of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fry, at Lewisburg. It is the occasion of the marriage of their pretty and accomplished daughter, Annie, with Dr. Thomas D. Baker. Sorry that other engagements prevent us from sharing the enjoyments of the evening,—the REPORTER, however, will be represented, and the happy pair have the congratulations and best wishes of the editor and lady.

JUDGE HOY SUSTAINED.

We have frequently spoken of the soundness of Judge Hoy as a lawyer, and we are glad to know that we were correct in our estimate of the man, and have the Supreme Court for our backing. From Huntingdon county three cases were appealed and Judge Hoy was sustained in all. From our county one case was appealed and Judge Hoy was also sustained. What more could be said in favor of Judge Hoy? Vote for him and you are safe in your man.

DRESSMAKING.—Miss Amanda Krumbine having taken a thorough course of instructions in dressmaking, at Bellefonte, has returned to Centre Hall, and is prepared to render satisfaction in all kinds of sewing, either at her home or by the week with such as will need her services. Cutting done by the magic scale. 22oc3t

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER

COME AND SETTLE.—The undersigned intends removing his shoe-store from Centre Hall, in a short time. All persons indebted are requested to call and make settlement within a week from this date.

22o-2t JOHN F. MULLEN.

Walnut curtain poles, only 37½ cents—Bee Hive.

Railroad Jubilee!

EXCURSION TO OAK HALL.

On Monday, Nov. 3, an excursion train will pass over the road from Montandon to Oak Hall, to remain there about 4 hours; and hold a jubilee. Speeches will be made by Gov. Curtin and others. Parties joining the excursion along the route can take their lunch baskets. The train will be the regular which reaches Spring Mills at 10.15 a. m.

The schedule as sent us by Sup't Westfall, for the Excursion train, and fare to Oak Hall, round trip, will be as follows:

Leave.	Fare.
COBURN, 9:40 A. M.	$ .75
SPRING MILLS, 10:15 A. M.	.50
CENTRE HALL, 10:25	.25

Arrive at Oak Hall at 11:10 a. m., and remain about four hours. Persons who wish to join the excursion at the above low rates, for round trip, should report at Wolf's store or the REPORTER office between this and Saturday morning so that arrangements can be made for accommodation.

A SPORTSMAN'S MANUAL.

As the autumnal gunning season draws nigh, a demand arises for information concerning the best ranges for game, and the waterways most prolific in fowl. For the purpose of supplying such a demand the passenger department of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad has published a work entitled "A Paradise for Gunners and Anglers." The little volume is an exhaustive treatise on the game birds, water-fowls and fishes of the Delaware Peninsula, their haunts, habits, and characteristics. An excellent map of the territory, showing the location of streams, and the means of access, and handsome illustrations of the rare specimens of birds and fish, serve both to embellish and lend interest to the book. Information as to the game laws, the time when certain game most abound, the procurement of guides, boats, etc., and in fact everything which would make the way of the sportsman clear, is furnished in ample detail.

The book is distributed gratuitously, and may be procured by addressing Jas. R. Wood, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, Philadelphia, Pa.

REPUBLICAN OPPOSITION TO THE NOMINATION OF A CANDIDATE AGAINST GOV. CURTIN.

Lock Haven, October 23.—A Republican Congressional conference was called to meet here to-day. A large delegation came from Mifflin county, but as none of the parties came as conferrees they left for home this afternoon. They represented the Republican sentiment in that county as practically unanimous against making a nomination against Governor Curtin and said that seventy to eighty per cent. of the Republican vote would not endorse a Republican nomination. The Union, Clinton and Clearfield conferrees favor the nomination of John Patton, of Clearfield, if it is thought advisable to make a nomination. The Elk delegates were undecided about the policy of a nomination. Centre has not yet sent conferrees, but is expected to turn up to-morrow. It is understood they will oppose a nomination. The conferrees did not organize to-day, but will meet to-morrow. So far there has been only informal talk. It is represented here that Patton will accept, if nominated.

The Republican county committee met to-day and got muddled on the question of printing the name of the Congressional candidate on the county ticket. It adjourned without action.

PATTON NOMINATED.

Renovo, Pa., Oct. 24.—The republican congressional conference of the Twentieth district which met at Lock Haven, nominated John Patton, of Clearfield county, late last night. Only three of the six counties composing the district participated in the conference, as some of the counties opposed making a nomination.

Great bargain sales, October 25, 27, 28 and 29—at the Bee Hive.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

MARRIED.

On Oct. 23, at Spring Mills, by Rev. F. Aurand, Mr. J. W. Keller, of Linden Hall, and Miss Tammie S. Miller, of Spring Mills.

Oct. 21, at Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Mr. John M. Reasner and Miss Della Wright, both of near Centre Hall.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 20c to 25c; young chickens, per pair, 40c; beans, per peck, 20c; eggs, 20c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; fish, per pound, 12c; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; apple butter, per qt., 15c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13c; apples, 50; old chickens, per pair, 50c.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	77
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	80
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 25; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 20 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Oct. 27, 1884
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	Oct.	41½	—651
Wheat	"	74½	—82½
Oats	"	25⅝	— 32½
Pork	"	15 50	
Lard	"	6 79½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

20dec1tf

THE REMINGTONS OF ILION.

You must lose a fly to catch a trout is an old saying, and a true one; but is not the investment safe? A piece of iron suggests but little to a village blacksmith. To the Remingtons, of Ilion, it means work, process, development, fame, fortune, everything; a rifle, a plough, an engine, a type-writer, or the sewing machine! It is the same iron, but in different hands. It lives, it grows it travels. It plants itself in every field of war or peace, it enters every town and hamlet, it seeks the merchant in his counting room, and the clergyman in his study; it crosses the threshold of every home, becoming a necessity and a household word. It has character, fibre, force and makes itself felt. It has power, it asserts dominion, it commands success. The history and travels of a bar of iron in the different departments at Ilion would make an interesting book. The children of our public schools must think so, for many of our little ones up and down the land are to be seen daily going to their homes each with a copy of "Sunshine" in hand, on which are the words "Remington" and "Ilion." Hereafter, if advertisements lie not, a farm without a Remington plough, or a home without a Remington sewing machine will be rare indeed.

The Remingtons are the most popular gun manufacturers of America. They have no superior or equal in their special line. From any standpoint the work of the Remingtons is a marvelous success.

In 1816, over sixty-eight years ago, Eliphalet Remington founded the works which still bear his name, and to-day the Remington goods are known in New York and London, in Sydney and in Brazil, in Chicago and in Hong Kong alike, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth the name of "Remington" is a household word. Their business is simply gigantic. It costs over a million a year to run it. The past has been full of work, and the future will simply take up the past, and carry it on through years to come.

SUICIDE OF PROF. GRIER AT LEWISBURG.

Special to the REPORTER.

Lewisburg, Oct. 27.—The whole college and town is in excitement over the terrible suicide of Prof. Grier, the Latin professor. For over a week he had been complaining of ague and malaria, which finally turned into typhoid fever, Saturday. Sunday evening between 10 and 11 o'clock his wife, who was alone with him, observed that he was acting very strangely and becoming delerious. She ran to the neighbors for help and when they came in the room they found that in his wild delerium the Professor had cut his throat and stabbed himself five times in the breast and abdomen with a pocket knife, which was still sticking in him. He lived but a few minutes after. His death was a surprise, and the manner of his dying makes it all the more shocking. He leaves a wife and two children.

We have seen sheets of tickets put out labeled "Regular Democratic ticket." Yet it has the fraud upon it of Hall's name instead of Curtin's. Watch this, Democrats.

Let every man, Democrat and Republican, stand by Curtin next Tuesday—he manfully stood by you in congress. Watch the tickets that do not have his name on in order to cheat the unsuspecting.

We shall not abuse Mr. Hall, he no doubt, is a good enough Democrat, but his nomination is no more regular than that of Curtin, while Curtin is the undoubted choice of the majority. But as congressional timber, Mr. Hall amounts to about one cord while Curtin counts for a thousand.

TEN THOUSAND IDLE WORKMEN.

Fall River, Mass., October 20.—The shutdown of the mills took effect to-day and, although 10,000 persons are idle, there was no unusual throng on the streets, nor any excitement which would attract attention even from strangers.

The Middleburg *Post* says: The water famine in this section is becoming alarming. Some of the farmers north of Middleburg are compelled to drive their cattle three and four miles to water and carry their water for household use from one to two miles.

Republicans, remember that Mr. Patton is not the nominee of your party for congress. Two different Republican conferences adjourned because they wisely took it that every fair and honest man would and should vote for Curtin.

Mr. Patton is the nominee of a bobtial conference, which did not represent Republicans and was not authorized by that party. None but dupes can be got to vote for Patton.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in any wise interested and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre County, on Wednesday, 26th day of November, A. D. 1884, for allowance and confirmation:

1 The account of Rev. Elias Stambach, executor of &c. of Christina Kreamer, late of Penn twp., deceased.

2 The first and final account of Frank B. Stover, administrator of &c. of Catharine Stover, late of Harris twp., dec'd.

3 The first and final account of W. H. Musser, executor of &c. of John Shiffer, late of Ferguson twp., deceased.

4 The first and final account of David H. Young, administrator of &c. of Catharine Young, late of Ferguson twp., dec'd.

5 The first partial account of Christian Brown and Caroline Mulholland, administrator of &c. of Rudolph Mulholland, late of Burnside township, deceased.

6 The first and final account of W S Harris, executor of &c. of Eliza E Brewster, late of Philipsburg borough, dec'd.

7 The first and final account of J M Kichline, administrator of &c. of Mary Kechler, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.

8 The first and final account of Dr. Thomas C. VanTries and Geo. L. VanTries, administrators of &c. of Samuel VanTries, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased.

9 The account of Isaac S Frain, administrator of &c. of Henry Theil, late of Curtin township, deceased.

10 The account of Isaac Frain, administrator of &c. of Phoeby M Quay, late of Curtin township, deceased.

11 The account of Jonas Stine and R E Robinson, administrator of &c. of Robert Robinson, late of Huston twp., dec'd.

12 The second account of Michael Hess, guardian of minor children of Susan Knarr, dec'd.

13 The account of Thomas Strauss, guardian of &c. of the minor children of Samuel Corl, late of Ferguson twp., dec'd.

14 The account of Thomas R Zeigler, administrator of &c. of Isaac Zeigler, late of Miles township, deceased.

15 The account of W H Fry, acting administrator of &c. of Hugh Larimore, late of Ferguson township, dec'd.

16 The first and final account of Jesse Woodring, executor of &c. of Nancy Emigh, late of Worth twp., dec'd.

17 The account of W J Thompson, administrators of &c. of Dr. A. S. Weaver, late of Potter twp., dec'd.

JAMES A. McCLAIN, Register.

JUDGE HOY.

Adam Hoy having received the nomination for President Judge by the voluntary withdrawal of Mr. Bailey, Mr. Hoy was immediately placed in nomination by the conference. His opponent is A. O. Furst, who, altho' an able lawyer, has always been a rabid Republican and an endorser of every extreme measure of his party and an apologist of the jobbers and monopolists who have preyed upon the public treasuries of the state and nation.

Every Democrat should give his support to Judge Hoy, who is also an able and sound lawyer, and a gentleman of the highest integrity of character and strict sobriety. Upon the bench for several terms by the appointment of Gov. Pattison, he has rendered general satisfaction in Centre and Huntingdon counties. Republicans should vote for Mr. Hoy, because they are certain of having an impartial Judge upon the bench. He has not been a rabid and blind partizan, tho' always a consistent Democrat. He hails from a good Democratic family. The Hoys have always been good citizens and earnest workers for the Democratic party, without any of them ever serving in office.

Democrats, Republicans, vote for Judge Hoy on Tuesday and you do your duty.

Democrats, look out for tickets with Hall's name on instead of Curtin's.

Blaine's gone up. Our rooster is crowing over it already.

We heard a Democrat offer to bet that Mr. Rhone would get 300 republican votes. With such a stampede of Republicans added to the entire Democrrtic vote, we look for 1300 majority for the farmer candidate for Assembly.

ONE OF JACK'S PREJUDICES.

One of the strangest of the many peculiarities of the sailors, says an old shellback, is his strong dislike for salt water. He not only has a great horror of being drenched with this fluid, but he will not even consent to use it for washing purposes. At first sight this dislike seems unaccountable. One would suppose that Jack would take as naturally to salt water as the average sea-going fish. He is comparatively free from this weakness when he enters upon his sea career, but it grows upon him steadily as long as he remains upon the ocean. While the dislike of the salt-water is growing upon him, however, his love for fresh water is strengthened in a corresponding degree.

Whenever Jack sees a heavy wave or even a shower of spray approaching him he will fly for shelter. He is protected in a measure from the waves which board the vessel by his heavy oil-skins and seaboots. Whenever he fancies that there is any danger of his being attacked by salt water he arms himself with his oil-skins, but these prove no protection to his face when a shower of spray flies over him. And the idea of salt water trickling down the back of his neck is about as agreeable to him as is the thought of an approaching mouse to the average woman. An old sailor is generally very expert in dodging these sudden thrusts of Neptune, but when they strike him unawares it gives his delicate nerves a great shock, and causes him to cry out as if he were really undergoing great agony. The approach of a heavy wave will sometimes cause an entire watch to imperil the safety of their ship by dropping at a critical moment the brace on which they are hauling. Men have been known to desert the wheel in order to avoid being drenched with spray. It often happens that when several men on watch are engaged in conversation one of them will pause in the middle of an argument; and, after giving a warning yell, will fly for shelter as if his life depended upon it, simply because he fancied that his skin was in danger of being spattered with salt water. A green hand, however, does not seem to mind a little spray; but when a shower of this description strikes him he will look around in surprise at the old sailors who are fleeing in terror.

THE ANCIENT NEWSPAPER.

It will be seen that the daily paper of a hundred years ago was full of elopements from Camberwell, private conversation, and chit-chat. It was a very different thing from the imposing sheet of to-day, which barely deigns to notice anything but high politics, and which busies itself with ordaining the fate of ministries in the most mealy-mouthed and emptiest of phrases, which avoids all mention of individual men and women (except the "respectable tradesman"), until they chance to come into the police court or the divorce court.

GOOD WEEKLY PAPER FREE.

We will send the *Chicago Weekly News*, one year, to any one sending us the names of three Cash Subscribers to the CENTRE REPORTER, and give each of the three names 2 months (14 months in all) as a premium. This is a liberal offer, that leaves us no profit, but we make it as a trial to increase the list of the REPORTER. Any one can easily get three names under the above inducements, and be well remunerated for his trouble. Two half yearly subscriptions will answer for one, and 6 for a yearly. Specimens of this commercial sent free. Individual instruction. No vacation. Students can enter at any time. For circulars, address P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburg, Pa.

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, HOWARD GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 1apr88m

A Business Education is the most profitable, because it is the most useful. Our aim is to practically train young men for the actual requirements of business. Individual instruction. No vacation. Students can enter at any time. For circulars, address P. DUFF & SONS, Pittsburg, Pa.

Duff's Mercantile College

——Railroad opening at Wolf's store on Saturday and grand railroad excursion on Monday. Don't miss either.

The hog cholera is still raging in Clearfield county.

Diptheria is devastating some Centre county homes. Mr. Lot Gross, of Howard, has lost three children by the dread disease within a brief time.

A number of fishermen and hunters in Sunbury have joined with a number from Union and Centre counties in purchasing several hundred acres of land on the Allegheny mountain back of Unionville and Snow Shoe for fishing and hunting purposes.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS — THE BEST TONIC.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY — PURITY — QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

KELLER'S CATARRH-REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that *do not cure*, that a positive, sure, and NEVER-FAILING CURE will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier has NEVER failed in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease, and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. *It is perfectly harmless.* Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l F. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. *Take no other*, for it is the only preparation that *reaches the seat of the disease* and **Cures.** Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Cause, Nature, Symptoms and **Cure of Catarrh.** It contains testimonials of authentic and genuine cures. It is also the **Best Blood Purifier** in the market. **For sale by Druggists generally.** Wholesale by SAM'L F. KELLER & CO., Harrisburg, Pa.; also by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., and SMITH, KLINE & CO., Philad'a, Pa.

President Cleveland

WILL BE INAUGURATED, MARCH 4, 1885.

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ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, on or about Sept. 15, a dark brown heifer, about 9 months old, with a star on forehead, and part of tail white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same,

15oct3t WM. A. BOAL,
Potter Township.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' court of Centre county, there will be exposed at public sale, on the premises, ¾ mile northeast of Penn Hall, at 1 o'clock p. m., Saturday, Nov. 8, 1884:

All those certain messuages, tenements and tracts of land situated in the township of Gregg, County of Centre and state of Pennsylvania:

No. 1. One thereof beginning at stones, thence along Grate's land south 71° west 158½ perches to stones, thence north 25° west 65 7-10 perches to stones, thence along lands of Samuel Weaver north 74½° east 157¾ perches to a pine, thence by lands of Duck and others south 25° east 80 perches to the place of beginning, containing 66 acres, 15 perches and allowance. Timber tract well timbered with yellow pine, chestnut and chestnut oak.

Nos. 2 and 3. Bounded on the north by lands of Gregg Burrell, on the east by lands of Samuel Gobel and others, on the south by lands of Peter Smith, and on the west by lands of Adam Ertle and David Emerick and others, containing 73 acres, more or less.

Terms—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ¾ in one year and the balance in two years with interest; deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. M. L. RISHEL,
J. B. REAM,
Soct Executors of Michael Ream.

Any Housekeeper who sends at once the names of 5 married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, will receive free for one entire year, a handsome, entertaining and instructive Domestic Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Decorating, Shopping, Cooking and Household matters. Best paper published for Ladies. Every housekeeper wants it. Regular price, $1.00. Must send now! Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL, 6aug2m Nunda, New York.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1½ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER,
27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.